

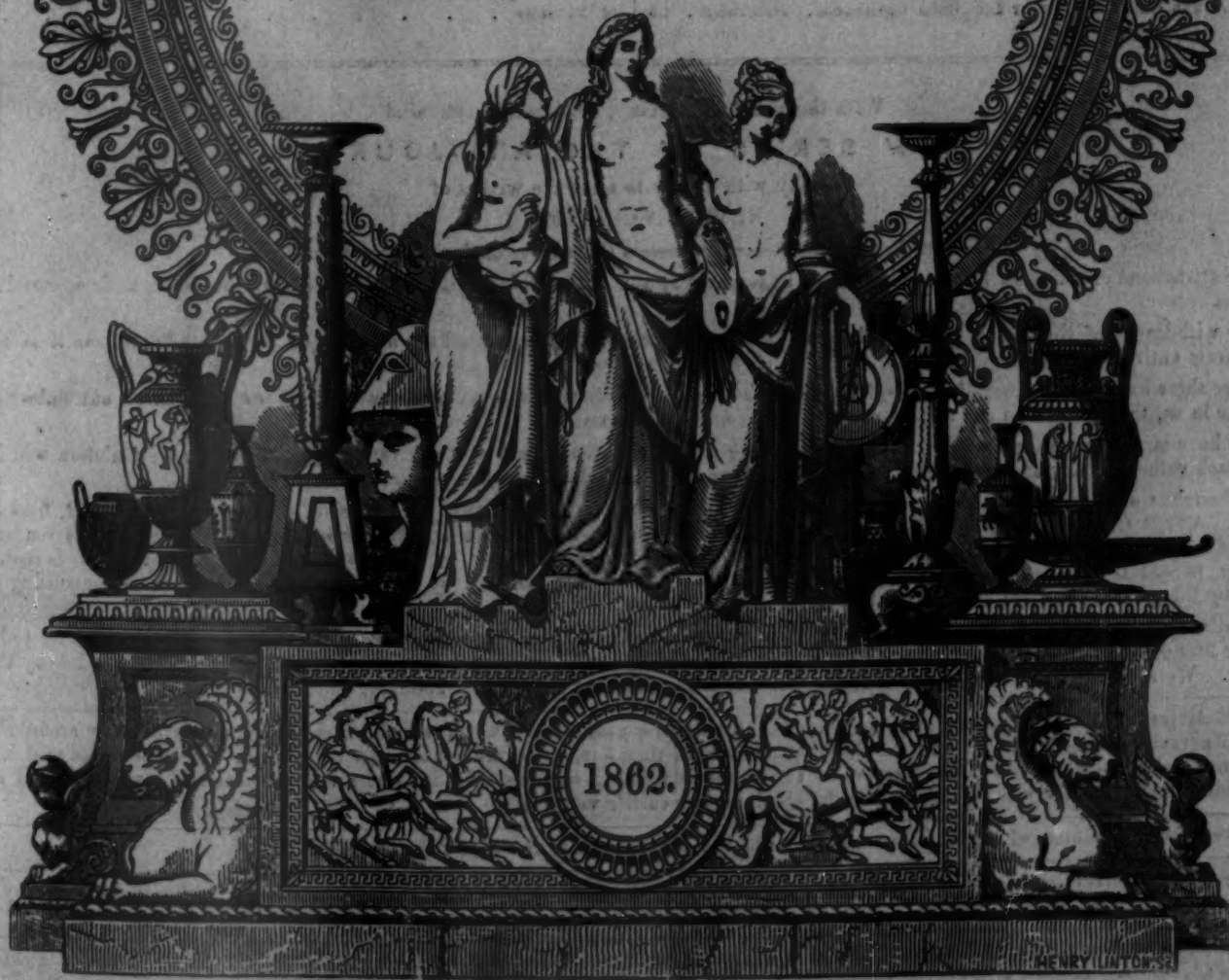
NEW SERIES.

No. III.

[PRICE HALF-A-CROWN.]

MARCH.

THE
ART-JOURNAL.



JAMES S. VIRTUE, 26, IVY LANE, LONDON.

NEW YORK: VIRTUE AND CO. PARIS: STASSIN AND XAVIER. LEIPZIG: F. A. BROCKHAUS.

OFFICE OF THE ART-JOURNAL, 4, LANCASTER PLACE, WATERLOO BRIDGE, STRAND, WHERE ALL COMMUNICATIONS FOR THE EDITOR MAY BE SENT.

JAMES S. VIRTUE, PRINTER, CITY ROAD, LONDON.



THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. BROTHER AND SISTER. Engraved by R. C. BELL, from the Picture by W. MULREATH, R.A., in the Vernon Gallery.
2. THE PARTING OF HERO AND LEANDER. Engraved by S. BRADSHAW, from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A., in the National Gallery.
3. THE VISITATION, and THE PRESENTATION. Engraved from the Picture by RUBENS, in the Cathedral of Antwerp.
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With the month of January, 1862, was commenced

A NEW SERIES OF THE ART-JOURNAL,

chiefly with a view to meet the wishes of

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The attractions of this NEW SERIES will be best understood by the Parts we submit to their notice, and we hope, their approval and patronage.

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Although we by no means lay too much stress on the interest the ART-JOURNAL will receive, during the year 1862, from the ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, we are justified in calculating upon thus rendering it exceedingly attractive: that Work will be, in all respects, a valuable auxiliary to the Art-movement of the age: it is scarcely necessary to add that this Catalogue cannot be remunerative; but it may be, and we think will be, a means of recompensing our labours by the greater publicity which will thus be given to our Work.

While, therefore, we shall do our utmost in every way to earn and obtain public support, we claim the aid of those who have so long been our friends, to assist the circulation of the ART-JOURNAL by making it known to all within their reach, who may be guided by their opinions. We refer them to a more detailed Prospectus which accompanied the Part for January.

Subscribers are aware that a *New Series* was begun with the year 1855; when we obtained the honour, graciously accorded, of issuing Engravings from the Royal Pictures; of that new series, therefore, seven volumes are now completed: while the series containing the Vernon Gallery—begun in 1849 and ended in 1854—consists of six volumes. Either series may be obtained separately, and may be considered complete, there being no necessity for obtaining the earlier volumes.

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All Orders for Advertisements should be sent to J. S. VIRTUE, 294, City Road; 26, Ivy Lane, City; or to 4, Lancaster Place, Waterloo Bridge, Strand.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MARCH 1, 1862.

SALOPIAN CHINA.

A HISTORY OF
THE COALPORT PORCELAIN WORKS.

BY LLEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A., &c.



N the midst of one of the most historically interesting districts of the kingdom—a district abounding in spots rendered famous in various ages by the events which have occurred within its boundaries, and full of associations as varied as they are interesting—within a few miles of Boscobel, and Tong, and numberless other places possessing a sad interest as connected with the wanderings and the painful vicissitudes of King Charles II.—within a short distance of those two glorious monastic ruins, Buildwas Abbey and Wenlock Priory—not far from the “English Nineveh,” Uriconium, and within easy distance of Shrewsbury and Ludlow,—stand the works whose simple history I am about to relate;—themselves as interesting as many or most of the places by which they are surrounded. Besides its historical associations, however, the district is full of interest of a more stirring kind; for it is the very centre of a large manufacturing neighbourhood, whose productions have a world-wide fame, and are almost as varied as the beautiful scenery of the Severn, which flows majestically through it.

Broseley, whose pipe manufactories two hundred and fifty years ago were as famed as they are now, and whose makers then got rid of their goods without, as at the present day (following in the wake of the starch-makers), advertising the emphatic words “When you ask for a Broseley pipe, see that you get it!”—Jackfield, famed of old for its earthenware, and where it is still to some little extent made;—Benthall, where “yellow ware” works are in constant operation, and where the magnificent encaustic and enamelled tile and mosaic works of Messrs. Maw are situated;—Ironbridge, with its famous one-arch bridge, from which it takes its name, spanning the Severn;—Madeley, with its extensive iron furnaces;—Benthall Edge, with its limestone works, the rocks of which are rich in fossil remains, and full of interest to the geologist;—Coalbrookdale, whose iron works are known throughout the world, and where articles in terra-cotta are about being manufactured;—and a score of other busy hives of industry are gathered together in this district, close around the Coalport China Works, whose productions are of unrivalled excellence.

To some of these works I shall again, in

passant, refer, before closing this article, my present object being to confine myself to the china works alone.

Like the Worcester and the Derby porcelain works, the Salopian manufactory dates from the middle of last century; and, like them, the manufacture has continued from its first introduction to the present time without interruption. Indeed, it may be said of the district in which these works are situated, that an almost—if not an entirely—unbroken historical chain may be traced, on the same beds of clay, from the Romano-British period down to the present day. It is important as well as highly interesting to be able to say, that the same beds of clay which, fifteen hundred years ago, produced some of the fictile ware of the Roman occupiers of the soil, has been worked in the intermediate ages, and still produces, more largely than ever, articles of daily use for every class of the people of England. The same beds which supplied the magnificent city of Uriconium with jugs, mortaria, bowls, and colanders of white ware,—quantities of the *débris* of which have been found in the recent excavations, both in its plain state and rudely painted,—and, indeed, also with perhaps most of its ware, except the Samian and Durobrivian varieties, still supply the neighbourhood with innumerable articles of daily use. Little, perhaps, do the generality of people who visit the excavations at Wroxeter, and see the fragments of coarse ware turned up on every mound, think that the very clay which produced them, the very arts which formed them, and the very district which sent them forth, have produced, and formed, and sent forth, most probably, the very vessels in which the food they have just partaken of has been prepared. But so it is; and thus the clay beds of the Severn Valley possess in themselves abundant interest to the historian, and indeed to people of every class.

As I have shown in my account of the Worcester works (p. 42, No. II., A.-J.) the manufactory in that city was established in the year 1751; and the commencement of the works in Shropshire must have been, if not coeval, at all events closely subsequent to that event. Indeed, the establishment of the two works must have so closely followed each other, that they may be almost said to have sprung into existence at the same time. The site of the first Salopian china works was at Caughley, about a mile from the present manufactory, and on the opposite or south side of the river Severn. The works were situated on the hill overlooking the valley of the Severn, as it flowed on to Bridgnorth, and commanding a magnificent view of the surrounding country. On this spot, it is said, a small pottery was begun by a Mr. Brown, and after his death managed by a gentleman named Gallimore, to whom, in 1754, a lease of the place was granted for the term of sixty-two years.* This Mr. Gallimore does not appear to have been long connected with the works; for the only name, as proprietor, which I have at present been able to establish, is that of Mr. Thomas Turner, who married a daughter of Mr. Gallimore, and carried on the manufactory.

Mr. Thomas Turner was the son of Dr. Richard Turner, rector of Cumberton, and vicar of Emely Castle and Norton, all in Worcestershire, in 1754, and who was also chaplain to the Countess of Wigtown. This Dr. Turner, who took his degree at Magdalen Hall, Oxford, was the author of several works on geography, astronomy, gauging, trigonometry, education, history, &c.; and in 1765, was a “Teacher of geometry, astronomy,

and philosophy,” at Worcester. He died in 1791, and was buried at Norton, near Worcester. Besides his son Thomas, he had two other sons, Richard, LL.D., and Edward; the first of whom also published some works, and the latter was a general in the army in India, where he died. Mr. Thomas Turner is said to have been brought up as a silversmith, at Worcester; but this is an error, as for the purpose of obtaining the freedom of the city, he was apprenticed to his father.

No doubt the incentive to the establishment of these works were the experiments long carried on at Worcester by Dr. Wall, and the knowledge that at this spot the two principal materials wanting in a pottery of the kind could be had at a trifling cost. With abundance of coal within twenty feet of the surface, with clunch of the best quality for the making of seggars overlying the coal, and with the navigable river at hand for bringing the materials and for carrying away the finished goods, the inducements were strong for the fixing on this spot the manufactory which was destined ultimately to grow into such enviable importance. To Worcester, of course, coal, and clunch, and other materials had to be conveyed at great cost; but here they were ready to hand, and indeed were cropping out in every direction, inviting to be used. In 1756 the works had attained a considerable degree of excellence; and an example is in existence, bearing that date, which gives most satisfactory evidence of the excellence of the body at that time—a body, however, which speedily became greatly improved. In the early years of the Caughley manufactory, the ware was not many degrees removed from earthenware; but it gradually assumed a finer and more transparent character. Like the early Worcester examples, the patterns were principally confined to blue flowers, &c., on a white ground; and in this style and colour the Caughley works excelled, in many respects, their competitors. An excellent example of the body, as made in 1776, is exhibited in a mug, bearing that date, now in the possession of a family at Coalport. This mug, of which I give the accompanying engraving, is white, with blue and gold flowers,



and bears the words “Francis Benbow, 1776,” surmounted by an anchor; the Francis Benbow, for whom it was made, being a barge-man. This mug is highly interesting, as indeed are all dated examples; and I cannot too strongly impress upon all collectors the importance of strictly preserving, in any variety of ware or make, all specimens which bear either dates or names, or other objects which may form data for inquiry.

About the year 1780 Mr. Turner visited France, for the purpose of “picking up knowledge” on the porcelain manufactures of Paris, and other places. He is said to have been an excellent draughtsman, and this, added to his chemical knowledge—for he had a regular laboratory fitted up at the top of

* Information of R. Thursfield, Esq.



his house—must have been a great advantage to him while in that country of beautiful and chaste designs. On his return from France he brought with him some skilled workmen, and at once entered with increased spirit into the manufacture of porcelain in his own works at Caughley.

One of the men whom he had brought over appears to have been a clever architect; and from his design a very tasty and elegant chateau was built for Mr. Turner, near the works. This building, being of a novel design in England—more especially in the sequestered neighbourhood of Caughley—attracted much attention; and its peculiarities of construction and arrangement are still often talked about by the old inhabitants of the place. This house was pulled down in 1820 or 1821, and the materials used for making additions to the present works at Coalport. At the present time no vestige of the house or works remains at Caughley.

In 1788 Mr. Robert Chamberlain commenced his china works at Worcester, and for some time bought his ware at Caughley, had it sent down by barge to Worcester, and there painted and finished it. The same thing was also done when Grainger's works were first started at Worcester. The number of hands employed at Caughley must have been somewhat large, as the premises were extensive, and the quantity of goods required by Mr. Turner, for his own trade and for Worcester, was large. The works were built in the form of a quadrangle, with an entrance gateway surmounted by an inscribed stone. The works were, as will be seen hereafter, taken down by Mr. John Rose, after assuming the proprietorship.

Mr. John Rose, whose father was a farmer, in the neighbourhood, was taken into the house by Mr. Turner, and taught the art of china-making in all its branches. After some years, from causes which are not relevant to my story, a difference arose between them, and Mr. Rose left Mr. Turner, and commenced a small business on his own account at Jackfield, in the immediate neighbourhood.

The Jackfield Pottery was one of the oldest in the neighbourhood, and is believed to have been worked for centuries. The potters had, at different times, probably from being expert hands, migrated into Staffordshire; and I am informed that, as early as 1560, several entries occur in the parish registers of Stoke-upon-Trent of people (potters, of course,) as "from Jackfield." A few years ago a coal-pit at Jackfield, which was known not to have been entered for nearly two centuries, was opened, and in it was found a small mug of brown earthenware, bearing the date 1634. The works were, probably not long after this period, carried on by a person of the name of Glover, who used the old salt glaze for his ware. He was succeeded by Mr. John Thurstfield, son of Mr. John Thurstfield of Stoke-upon-Trent, about the year 1713. This John Thurstfield had married a daughter of Captain Webb, who had been in the wars under Marlborough and Prince Eugene, and had, while in the Low Countries, married a Dutch lady. In 1729 John Thurstfield married a lady named Eleanor Morris, of Ferny Bank, who is curiously described in the Broseley register as a "sojoiner." He died in 1751, leaving two sons—John, who built the works at Benthall; and Morris, who succeeded his father at Jackfield. The kind of ware made at Jackfield was a white stone-ware, very similar to the Staffordshire make, and on some examples flowers and other ornaments were incised and coloured; that is, the outlines were cut in while the clay was soft, and the flowers and other ornaments touched afterwards with colour. A very interesting and remarkably well potted jug of

this description is in the possession of W. F. Rose, Esq., of Coalport. Maurice Thurstfield made at Jackfield a very superior black ware, highly vitrified and glazed; indeed, so highly glazed was it that it had all the outward appearance of glass. The forms, and the potting of these articles, locally known as "black decanters," were remarkably good, and on some specimens which I have seen, ornaments have been judiciously introduced. On one, in the possession of Richard Thurstfield, Esq., of Broseley, a head and wreath are executed in gold and colour; and on others, paintings in oils, both portraits and views, and raised ornaments are introduced. Maurice Thurstfield died in America, where he had, it appears, considerable business connections.

In these works, then, Mr. Rose, in conjunction with a Mr. Blakeway, soon after the death of Maurice Thurstfield, began making china. The works were not, however, carried on long, but were removed to Coalport, on the opposite side of the Severn, where they were begun in some buildings which had formerly been a pottery (I believe belonging to a Mr. Young, a mercer of Shrewsbury), and where they have continued uninterruptedly to the present day. It is well to note, that at Jackfield a pottery of yellow ware is still continued. Mr. John Rose had not long established himself at Coalport, it appears, before he met with opposition; for other works were started on the opposite side of the canal, and only a few yards distant, by his brother, Mr. Thomas Rose, and partners, who commenced business under the style of "Anstice, Horton, and Rose." These works, however, did not continue long, but passed into the hands of Mr. John Rose and his partners, who, with other additions, formed them into one establishment. In the space of three or four years from the establishment of the Coalport works by Mr. Rose, he had so successfully carried on his business that the Caughley works of Mr. Turner had become greatly reduced, and were gradually beaten out of the market. In 1793 the Caughley

works passed into the hands of Messrs. John Rose and Co., by purchase, and Mr. Turner withdrew entirely from the business. Both works were then continued by them, thus giving a great increase to the establishment, and rendering it one of the most extensive in the kingdom.

In the following year, October 23rd, 1799, an event occurred in connection with the works at Coalport which was most sad in its results. At that time a considerable number of the workpeople and painters employed at the works resided at Broseley, and were in the habit of passing backwards and forwards across a ferry near the works. On this night, thirty-two persons, including the best artists, went on board the ferry-boat, which, about midwater, owing to the intoxicated state of the ferryman, was capsized, and twenty-nine were drowned. The principal painter at this time was an artist named Walker, and an unfinished piece of work of his—the piece he left in progress only a few minutes before he lost his life—is still preserved, with almost religious care, in the factory.

The coal at Caughley beginning to work out, and the cost of carrying the unfinished ware from thence down the hill and across the water to Coalport was so great,—the unfinished ware being carried on women's heads the whole distance,—that Mr. Rose determined to remove the works to Coalport, which he did at different times, gradually drafting off the workmen, until about 1814 or 1815, when they were finally removed, the kilns and rooms taken down, and the materials used for the enlargement of the works at Coalport. The last of the buildings, with the house, were not, however, destroyed until 1821, when the materials were brought to Coalport to build the present burnishing shops and some workmen's cottages. Since then the manufactory has been constantly and considerably enlarged, and now occupies, I believe, considerably more ground than any other porcelain works in the kingdom.

The view of the Coalport China Works,



COALPORT CHINA WORKS.

here given, will show its pleasant situation on the banks of the Severn, and its extensive character in the early part of the present century. The view is copied from an interesting painting by Muss, who, before his successful artistic career in London, was employed as one of the painters at this establishment. Since the period when Muss

made this painting, the works have been constantly increased, and at the present time are about doubled in extent.

The commercial style of the firm has been, ever since its establishment at Coalport, "Messrs. John Rose and Company," although many changes in the proprietary have taken place. These changes have been as follows:

"Rose and Blakeway;" "Rose, Blakeway, and Rose;" "Rose, Johnson, and Winter;" "Rose, Winter, and Clarke;" "Rose, Clarke, and Maddison;" "Maddison, Rose, Pugh, and Rose;" and the present proprietors are Messrs. W. Pugh and W. F. Rose; but the firm is still known by its old style of "John Rose and Co." Mr. John Rose died in 1841, and was buried at Barrow. He was succeeded by his nephew, one of the present proprietors, W. F. Rose, Esq., of Rock House, Coalport.

It will be seen from what I have said, that the Coalport works had already, before the commencement of the present century, absorbed those of Caughley, of Jackfield, and of the opposition establishment of Messrs. Anstice, Horton, and Rose. Some years later, the SWANSEA* porcelain works, which had risen somewhat into repute, were discontinued, and the moulds, &c., bought by Mr. Rose, who removed them, along with the workmen, to Coalport about the year 1820. Another famed manufactory, though small, that of NANTGARROW,† established by Billingsley, the famous flower painter, of Derby, and his son-in-law, Walker, also of Derby, in 1816 (under the assumed name of *Beckley* and Walker), and which produced, perhaps, the finest examples of porcelain with granulated fracture ever made, also soon afterwards was merged into the Coalport establishment. Billingsley and Walker, on discontinuing the works at Nantgarrow, removed to Coalport, with all their moulds and processes, and continued employed there until Billingsley's death, which took place in 1828. Walker was a remarkably clever workman, and did much during the time of his continuance at Coalport to improve the art of china making. He removed thence to America, where he established a pottery, which, I believe, he still continues to work. The Nantgarrow porcelain was very expensive to make, but was remarkably fine in its body and texture. Specimens are very rare, and invariably fetch high prices when offered for sale. The original recipes for the making of this Nantgarrow ware are in the possession of Messrs. Rose and Co.; and it can be made at Coalport of as fine a quality as ever. I have carefully examined specimens made at Nantgarrow with others made by Billingsley and Walker when they first came to Coalport, and these again with examples made by Messrs. Rose in 1860, and they appear all to be of equal excellence of body. It is however, too expensive a process to be followed to any extent.

In 1820 Mr. John Rose received the gold medal of the Society of Arts for his improvements in the manufacture of china. The prize, which was offered for the best porcelain glaze produced without lead, was competed for by Copelands, Davenport, and all the principal manufacturers, as well as by Mr. Rose, but was honourably gained by him. It bears the inscription—"To Mr. John Rose, M.DCCCXX, for his improved glaze for porcelain."

The history of the works has been one complete success from their first establishment to the present day; and this success has been attained by untiring and unflagging energy on the part of the proprietary, and by a determination on their part to make their establishment second to none in existence in extent, and in beauty and purity of work. The porcelain trade owes much to the ability and energy of Mr. John Rose, the uncle of one of the present proprietors; and it is truly pleasant to add, that the works so ably commenced by him have been carried on with

the utmost skill, and with complete success, by the nephew, Mr. W. F. Rose, who has gained most honourable distinction, at home and abroad. Both at the Great Exhibition in 1851, and at the French Exhibition in 1855, Messrs. Rose and Co., carried off medals for their productions. At the first a magnificent dessert service in the difficult but truly beautiful *Rose du Barry* colour, which the firm had succeeded in restoring in all its beauty to the ceramic art, was exhibited, and excited considerable interest. This service, considered by competent judges to equal the original Sèvres in evenness of colour, was purchased by Lord Ashburton. At the latter Messrs. Rose exhibited a large number of exquisite examples of their make, and services were purchased by the Emperor, by M. Fould, and by the principal *savans* of Paris.

For the coming Exhibition the Coalport works are making great preparations, and, judging from the magnificent pieces in progress, and from the amount of artistic skill and labour bestowed upon them, they will take a first stand in that great "world's struggle." But of this a few words anon.

The subject of *printing* upon porcelain, of which I have spoken in previous articles, is one so intimately and intricately connected with the Caughley and Coalport works, that it will be necessary to consider the period of its introduction at some length. I have already shown that transfer-printing was used as early as 1757 on Worcester porcelain (p. 43, *ante*); and I have little doubt that quite as early, if not a few years before that period, it was practised at Caughley. Indeed, in the early years of the manufactory, the two works, Caughley and Worcester, seem to have been closely connected, and to have worked "in-and-in," if I may be allowed the use of so unscientific an expression, and, I believe, with ample reason, that a great proportion of the printed goods bearing the Worcester mark were printed at Caughley. Indeed, it is known that the ware was sent up from Worcester by barge to be printed at Caughley, and returned, when finished, by the same mode of conveyance. I have closely examined the style of engraving, and the patterns of a large number of examples, and I am clearly of opinion that they are the work of the same hands.

I do not, by this, claim for Caughley the honour of *inventing* the art of transfer-printing on to porcelain; but I feel assured, that that art must have been there practised at quite as early a period as the dated example of Worcester make; and I am led to this belief, partly from the fact that the Robert Hancock, whose beautiful productions I have before spoken of, and to whom the engraving of the dated example is ascribed, also engraved for the Caughley works. And I have an impression of a plate, of an identical pattern with the famous tea group, which bears his monogram on the Worcester specimens, on which his name, *R. Hancock fecit*, occurs in full at Caughley. Collectors, therefore, in a case of this kind must not be too hasty in ascribing, from appearance alone, examples to either one or the other make, but must be guided, in a great measure, by the body on which the engraving occurs.

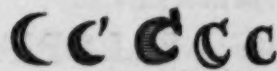
It cannot be wondered that an art, then such an important secret, should have been followed at Caughley,—a place so perfectly retired from the world, situated in the midst of woods and wilds, almost unapproachable to strangers, and with every facility for keeping the workmen away from all chance of imparting the secret to others,—in place of in Worcester, where secrecy would be almost impossible, and where the information would ooze out from the workmen, at the alehouse or

elsewhere, and be greedily caught up by those interested in the process. At Caughley every possible precaution seems to have been taken to secure secrecy; and the workmen—the engravers and printers—were locked up and kept apart from every one else. Who the engravers were, I cannot satisfactorily say. It is, however, certain that Hancock engraved for the works; and it is said that Holdship, of whom I have before spoken, was also employed. Among the other engravers was a man named Dyas, who was apprenticed as an engraver at Caughley, about the year 1768, and who continued at the works until his death, at the ripe age of eighty-two. It is also worthy of note that Mr. Minton, the father of Mr. Herbert Minton, was also apprenticed as an engraver at these works. It is not too much to say, that the style of engraving adopted at so early a period was remarkably good, and of really high character. Indeed, some specimens which I have seen of the plates used at Caughley, are far superior to most of the productions of the period.

Of the painters employed at Caughley, it will be sufficient to say that amongst those apprenticed there, were John Parker, Thomas Fennell, and Henry Boden, famous for their skill in flowers; and that Muss, Silk, and others, excelled in landscapes and figures—some sepia landscapes being remarkable for their pure artistic treatment; while among the gilders, a most important art, and one to which special attention has always been directed at these works, were men of the name of Rutland, Marsh, and Randall, who were considered proficient. Of the latter, a nephew, who is the author of a pleasant little volume on the "Severn Valley," is still employed at the works, principally on birds.

The principal painter of the present day, though there are several other excellent ones, is Mr. Abrahams, a student of Antwerp and Paris, and a successful follower of the school of Etty. The softness of touch, the purity and delicacy of feeling, and the sunny mellowness of tone, as well as the chasteness of design and correctness of drawing, produced on the best pieces of this gentleman's productions, show him to be a thorough artist, and place him high above most others in this difficult art. Among the other painters worthy of note are Mr. Birkbeck, Mr. Rowse, and Mr. Cooke. Modellers of a very high class in their respective branches are also employed, and the excellence of their work is apparent in all the higher class productions of this establishment.

The MARKS used at Caughley and Coalport have been very few, but they are very important, and require careful attention at the hands of the collector. In my account of the Worcester works, I have given several varieties of the *cre cent*, as a mark of that establishment, and have also stated that it was used at Caughley. I believe the first mark used at Caughley to have been the crescent alone, and that it was, as I have before stated, intended to have the signification of a C for Caughley, and that its connection with the Worcester works may, in a great measure, be traced to the fact of the goods on which it appears being printed, not at that city, but at Caughley. I have seen examples of this mark on undoubted Worcester body, and also on equally undoubted Caughley make, bearing precisely the same printed patterns. The following



are some of the varieties of the *cre cent* occurring on Caughley specimens, and show

* A history of these works will be given in a future number.

† A history of these works, and a notice of Billingsley, will be given in a future number.

* London: James S. Virtue.

pretty clearly its transition from a common "half-moon" (I have often heard it called "half-moon china") to the finished and engraved C.

Another mark said to have been used at Caughley, but of which at present I have met with no example, is the accompanying, which is very similar to the mark ascribed to the Leeds manufactory.

Another distinctive mark of the Salopian Works was the capital letter S, of which the following are varieties:—

SS Sx S° S S

When the S was introduced it is difficult to say; but at all events it appears on the dated example alluded to above in 1778, and it was used at the same time as the C for a considerable period. On many of the engraved plates still in existence, indeed both the C and the S occur, and this leads me to suspect that the one was used to mark the goods sent to Caughley to be printed, and the other those made and printed for their own market. I have seen precisely similar articles, in pattern, bearing each of these letters.

Another circumstance is also worthy of note. On two mugs printed from the same engraved plate, which I have seen, the one bears the S, and the other the accompanying curious mark, which is evidently of the same character as the examples of assimilated Chinese ones, which I have given in my article on Worcester.

I have named above that Robert Hancock engraved for Caughley as well as for Worcester, or at all events that plates of his were printed from at the former place possibly for the latter. His name appears on one of the plates as follows:—

R Hancock. fecit.

and other plates are evidently the work of his hand, though without name. I engraved a curious mark, the monogram RH, anchor and name of Worcester, in the account of those works. This I reproduce, for the purpose of giving another which occurs on a plate from Caughley, with the anchor and

RH. Worcester.

Derby

the word Derby, which I introduce for the purpose of comparison, and to suggest the probability that the place which produced the one with the word Derby (for whatever reason that may have been done), which was undoubtedly Caughley, also produced the one with the word Worcester. The engraved plate, with the anchor and Derby, is a curious one (for a mug), and represents a landscape—a river, with trees on either side, swans sailing in the foreground, behind them two fishermen in a boat drawing a net, beyond them a boat with sails, and in the background a bridge, and church with ruins to the left, and a tall gabled building on the right, over which are the words "Sutton Hall," whilst above the whole picture is "English Hospitality."

Following the C and S, two impressed marks, bearing the word "Salopian," were used. These are as follows:—

Salopian SALOPIAN

and it is worthy of remark that, on some examples of plates bearing this impressed mark, the blue printed S also appears.

After the removal of the Caughley works

to Coalport, the same letters, both C and S, were used. But at these works marks have been adopted, perhaps, more sparingly than at any other; and the great bulk of the goods have been manufactured, from the first down to the present time, without any mark at all. On some examples of the early part of the present century, the written name of "Coalport," thus—

Coalport

appears; but these are of very rare occurrence. Another mark adopted somewhat later, though only used very sparingly, was the following, simply the letters C D for Coalbrookdale.

Another mark, adopted in 1820, was of large size, and will perhaps be as well understood by description as engraving. It is a circle of nearly two inches diameter, in which is a wreath of laurel encircling the words, "Coalport Improved Felt Spar Porcelain," in four lines across. Surrounding the wreath are the words, "Patronised by the Society of Arts. The Gold Medal awarded May 30, 1820;" while beneath, and outside the circle is the name "I. Rose and Co." This mark was adopted, of course, consequent on Mr. John Rose obtaining the Society of Arts' gold medal for "his improved glaze for porcelain," to which I have before alluded; and the articles on which it appears are of extremely good material, and very perfect glaze.

The marks used by the present proprietors, although they have been but seldom used—the great bulk of the goods, as I have said before, being sent out without any mark at all—are the following:—



The first of these is a monogram of the letters C, B, D, for Coalbrookdale, so joined together as to produce a very characteristic and distinctive mark. The second, the same monogram, surrounded by a garter bearing the name of "Daniell, London"—an eminent firm for many years connected with Coalport or Coalbrookdale, and who have had that mark used for some especial orders; and who, like Mortlocks and other leading houses, have large transactions with these works. The third and last is a mark recently adopted, and intended to be the future distinctive mark of the Coalport works, which embraces the initials of the various works which have from time to time been incorporated with, or merged into, the Coalport establishment. Thus the scroll—which at first sight may, to the uninitiated, look like a short and (&)—will, on examination, be seen to be a combination of the writing letters, C and S, for Coalport and Salopian, enclosing within its bows the three letters, C, S, and N, denoting respectively Caughley, Swansea, and Nantgarrow.

Having now passed through the history of these famed works, and shown their connection with others, both in manufacture and in printing, it only remains to say a few words on the varieties of goods for which the Salopian works have been famed, both in times past and at present. First and foremost, then, of course, come the blue painted and printed wares copied from Chinese patterns, for which both it and the early Worcester works were remarkable. The first painted, as well as printed, wares were close imitations of the foreign; but groups of flowers of original design, &c., were also

introduced, and designs, based perhaps on foreign models, were adopted. Groups of figures, in the characteristic costume of the period, were also executed with great taste and ability. Of the Chinese patterns, the two most famous—the well-known "Willow Pattern," and the "Blue Dragon"—owe their first introduction to the Caughley works; and this fact alone is sufficient to entitle them to more than ordinary notice. The Willow-pattern has undoubtedly been the most popular, and had the most extensive sale, of any pattern ever introduced. It has, of course, been made by most houses, but the credit of its first introduction belongs to Caughley; and early examples, bearing the Caughley mark—the cups without handles, and ribbed and finished precisely like the foreign—are rare. I have a cup and saucer of this period in my collection, which are remarkably fine. The Dragon, known still as "the Broseley Blue Dragon," or "Broseley Blue Canton," was also a most successful imitation of the Chinese, and almost rivalled the Willow in popularity. A special form of jug, considered in those days to be very far advanced in Art, known, technically, as the "cabbage-leaf jug," was also first made at these works.

Later on, the "worm sprig" pattern, the "tourney sprig," and other equally successful patterns, were here introduced from the Dresden, as were also the celebrated Dresden raised flowers, and the "Berlin chain edge" pattern. About 1821 a peculiar marone coloured ground, which is much sought after, was introduced at Coalport, by Walker, of Nantgarrow, of whom I have before spoken; and at this time many marked improvements were made in the different processes of manufacture.

The copies, both in embossing, in body, in colour and oiliness of the glaze, and in style of painting of birds and flowers, of the Dresden at this period were perfect, and, as the Dresden mark was (perhaps injudiciously) introduced as well, were capable of deceiving even the connoisseur. It may be well to note that at this period an impressed anchor was sometimes used. This must not be taken to be anything more than a workman's mark. Very successful copies of the Sèvres and Chelsea have also been at one time or other produced, and on these the marks of those makes have been also copied. Collectors of "old Chelsea," especially of the famous green examples, must be careful, therefore, not to take everything for granted as belonging to that place on which the gold anchor is found.

I must not omit saying a word on the egg-shell china produced at Coalport. The examples I have examined appear to be much finer than any others which have come under my notice, from the fact that the body is pure porcelain, being composed of one stone and one clay alone, unmixed with bone or any other material whatever.

The productions of the Coalport works at the present day, thanks to the determination, energy, and liberality of the proprietors, take rank with the very best in the kingdom, both in body, in potting, in design, and in decoration; and at the coming Exhibition, where a large space will be occupied by them, there can be no doubt, from what is now actively in progress, that the stand taken by Coalport will be one of enviable eminence among the ceramic manufactories of the world.

[Through the great absorption of space consequent on the coming Exhibition, my series of "Histories of the Porcelain Works of England" will be discontinued for a few months, to be resumed after the close of that great "show." Chelsea, Bow, Swansea, Pinxton, Nantgarrow, Plymouth, Bristol, Wirksworth, and other places, including of course, Staffordshire localities, will then follow each other, and be accompanied by notices of some of the more remarkable of the fine earthenware potteries.]





W. MURRAY, R.A. PINX.

R. C. BELL, SCULPT.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

FROM THE VERNON GALLERY.

LONDON, JAMES E. VINTAGE.

SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE VERNON COLLECTION, NATIONAL GALLERY.

BROTHER AND SISTER.

W. Mulready, R.A., Painter. R. C. Bell, Engraver.

A PERIOD of more than half a century is a very long time for an artist to appear before the public, adding each season, or nearly so, fresh leaves to his chaplet of honour, causing disappointment when he has withdrawn from public view, but opening up new sources of gratification whenever he presents himself. And yet this has been the case with Mr. Mulready, who has now passed far beyond his threescore years and ten. Our own recollection does not go back so far as his first appearance, but we remember the exhibition of a large collection of his works at the Society of Arts in 1848—a kind of chronological series developing the progress of this very eminent and popular painter, whose hold on popular opinion has scarcely ever been loosened, even when age might naturally be presumed to have weakened his mental powers, and rendered the hand infirm of action, though, possibly, not of purpose. This almost constant vitality is as rare as it is welcome, and, in his case, is the result of a determination to do well and completely whatever was undertaken; hence his latest works exhibit no less elaborate finish, delicacy, and perfection of drawing, technical vigour, and beauty of colour, than those he produced in the very prime of life.*

Mulready was not always the humourist we of the present generation now know him to be, perhaps we should rather say, to have been; for we can scarcely expect from his advanced age to see another 'Wolf and the Lamb,' 'The East Inn,' 'Punch,' or 'Boys Firing a Cannon.' Some of his earliest efforts were directed to historical painting, or something akin to it, such as 'Polyphemus and Ulysses,' 'The Disobedient Prophet,' these were followed by a few landscapes; and then came the class of works with which his name has so long been associated. Though the greater number of his pictures are of a humorous character, those of a more sober vein show that if the painter had given his mind to compositions—such, for example, as 'Choosing the Wedding Gown,' and the several illustrations of the story of 'The Vicar of Wakefield'—where human nature in its more matured form is developed, he would have succeeded as well as in subjects like 'The Wolf and the Lamb,' and others of a similar kind.

The picture engraved here was a commission from the late Mr. Vernon, and now forms a part of the "Vernon Collection" in the National Gallery at Kensington. Like most of Mulready's other works, it was a long time "in hand," and was not finished till 1857, when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, eight years after the death of Mr. Vernon, who, in all probability, never saw it—at least, in any stage of advancement. If one analyses the composition with the view of ascertaining its subject, there is little narrative or incident to be discovered. Mr. Ruskin speaks of it as a "piece of painting," not a "picture," because the artist's mind has been evidently fixed throughout on his modes of work, not on his subject—if subject it can be called. This is palpable enough: the three figures—which, by the way, are the largest we ever remember Mulready to have painted—are simply a young female, a youth, and a little child in the arms of the former, and who is shrinking from a playful attack of the boy; this is the only story the canvas tells, but it is presented in a marvellous manner as regards execution, and beauty of colour most harmoniously disposed and of the greatest purity, especially in the flesh tints, and in the yellow dress of the female, so exquisitely rich in decoration. In drawing, too, the figures have all the tenderness and truth of outline for which Mulready has gained a master's reputation.

* Many years ago Mr. Mulready showed us an exquisitely painted picture, minute enough in finish to satisfy even Mr. Ruskin: it was of a gravel pit with men at work digging. To our utter astonishment he informed us that the subject was the site of Russell Square.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

In punctual accordance with established custom, this exhibition opened at the beginning of February with a collection of six hundred and forty-five works of Art, ten of which are sculptural. We observe that, year by year, not only in this institution, but in every other in which oil pictures are exhibited, the number of large works diminishes and that of small pictures increases. Time was—and that not many years ago—when there were nowhere to be seen such small pictures as are now exhibited; the small works of past years are only sketches; but undersized essays are now disregarded, unless they are polished into the utmost brilliancy that colour and finish can impart. These minute figures and groups cannot be placed on the line; seeking them is therefore like pearl-diving, sometimes you get a worthless shell, at others you find a pearl of price. Portraits, as such, are excluded from this institution, yet many used to be received under subject titles; these have now almost disappeared, and this is without question a change for the better. To persons who have for the last thirty years watched the vicissitudes of Art, it is interesting to contemplate, in such periods, the appearance presented by these or any other exhibition walls, and compare it with what it was in past times. It is an anomaly, but not uneasy of explanation, that those who buy history and philosophy in books, cannot endure history and philosophy in pictures. The exhibition looks almost as if serious Art were comprehended in the bye-law that excludes portraits; but it is not so; light reading in pictures, as well as in literature, is much the most popular, and therefore the most profitable department to which an artist can now devote himself. In this as in every other collection, there is a mass of very indifferent productions, which it were profitless to discuss; turn we, therefore, to those that are entitled to consideration, drawing our line at the base of those that have in them a certain measure of good.

'A Burgher Watch' (No. 22), J. A. Houstoun, R.S.A., stands out from the pictures around it as an instance of what is gained by the rejection of vulgar points of effect. It is a small picture of a single figure—a burgher guard doing night duty on the ramparts of, it may be, Edinburgh Castle. It matters nothing whether the artist received his hint from Rembrandt's 'Standard Bearer' or any other source—this does not diminish the force of the presentation. We may suppose him standing near a watch-fire, the light of which falls upon a portion of his dress; but there is not yellow enough in it to show that the light is cast from a fire. The face is lighted from beneath, and the figure in profile is standing or marching past with a musketoon on the shoulder. The background is a view of the city, with its spires and buildings just telling against the dark sky. This picture is small in size, but large in everything else—it might have been painted of the size of life.

In 'Cardinal Wolsey and the Duke of Buckingham' (No. 73), by J. GILBERT, there is nothing really available for that kind of peculiar Gilbertism that has marked all the artist's works of the last four years. It is in movement, not emotion, that Mr. Gilbert's power lies; what could be more imposing than his pictures of the King's (Charles I.) Cavalry and Artillery, and what could be more original and sparkling than his drawings from Shakspeare, exhibited two or three years ago? He is at home with Rembrandt, and well up with the Cavaliers, but not so with Wolsey. The scene is from *Henry VIII.*, Act i., Scene 1:—

Duke of NORFOLK to BUCKINGHAM.

Lo, where comes that rock

That I advise you shunning.

[Enter Cardinal WOLSEY attended. The Cardinal, in his passage, fixes his eye on BUCKINGHAM; and BUCKINGHAM on him, both full of disdain.]

Wolsey and his train pass on the left; while Buckingham, Norfolk, and others occupy the right. Independent of whatever moral shortcomings there may be in the work, we are at once struck with certain technical errors which nobody can help seeing, and into which Mr. Gilbert may perhaps have fallen from having worked the picture too near the eye—these

are the extraordinary length of the Cardinal's right arm, the shortness of the arms of the Duke of Norfolk, and the excessive bulk of their figures in comparison with the persons around them. The breadth, for instance, of the shoulders of the Duke of Norfolk, making every allowance for the style of dress, is altogether disproportionate to the lower part of the person; and, tracing the left arm upwards, it cannot be brought into attachment to the body. It is well to give Wolsey's head in profile, for we are most familiar with the face as it appears in profile at Christ Church, Oxford; but both heads are fleshy and heavy. But, after all, we know of nobody who could work off a sketch like this—for sketch it certainly is—having been painted without models.

'The Convent Shrine' (No. 171), FRANK WYBURN, is a study of two effects—lamplight and moonlight—the preference given to the former. There are three figures—one a nun kneeling before a shrine of the Virgin, while two peasant girls stand by, the scene being apparently a landing porch on one of the Swiss lakes, whence are seen the opposite mountains, which, with the sky, are of a pure crystal green; for this we must presume, the artist has had some authority.

'No Music to him but the Drum' (No. 180), J. SANT, A.R.A., is the title given to a portrait of a child—a little boy—a small life-sized figure, very skilfully set, and ingeniously accompanied by draperies and material that support the figure without being anything in the picture. Mr. Sant has followed the best masters in this difficult kind of arrangement until he is become a master in it himself. The child's head is a beautiful and delicate study—a fair boy with blue eyes—and such a complexion must have given a variety of tender greys in the neck which we do not find in the picture. By anybody else the work would be a gem; but it wants Sant's force, and the light is too uniform over the entire figure. The lower part of the composition does not look like this artist's painting.

'The Return of the Runaway' (No. 28), T. CLARK, is, with so much excellence as distinguishes it, one of the most unassuming and still-voiced compositions that can anywhere be met with. Yet with all the merits of this work, the absence of an effective dark is sensibly felt. The story is of the son of some poor people, who ran away and went to sea, whence he now returns a well-grown A.B., and, perhaps, gunner's mate of H.M.S. *Ariadne*. He pats his old father on the back, and his mother looks at him with blank wonder; but there is no recognition in their features—every muscle of "the cordage of their cheeks" is, as the sailor himself might say, all "a-taut."

'Autumn' (No. 58), ALEX. JOHNSTON, reads well as an impersonation of the season with the yellow hair; everything in the picture is most faithful to the theme: in the face Reynolds' peach has not been forgotten. It is like a piece of ripe fruit—the dress, the sky, everything is mellow and harmonious. By the same artist there is another small picture (No. 213), 'Jeanie Deans.'

No. 184, 'Nadira,' FRANK WYBURN, is a study of the head and bust of the dreaming Sultana. The head is a handsome profile in shade, and the person is surrounded by a quantity of rich material, showing us that there may really be no end to the minute insinuations in a small picture, any considerable proportion of which must really be fatal to a large one.

In 'The Jury' (No. 1), J. MORGAN, the idea seems to be a description of the raw material of which juries are made; but there appears to be one of the twelve dead—this is an error, no man who cannot hear the evidence has any right in a jury box.

No. 124, 'Effe,' H. LE JEUNE, is a study of a child—a girl absorbed in an open volume before her. This artist is true to himself—he asserts here, as he has done before, that he is not to be seduced into a declamatory manner. Everything is tender and gentle; but wherefore stick the child's head, the chair, and the curtain so jealously together? it is easy to separate them. In the arrangement there is much elegant taste.

'The Leisure Hour,' G. SMITH (No. 134), shows us a girl and a sailor-boy occupied in that kind of significant trifling that says for them more than they are willing to say for them-

selves. The two figures are admirably painted, but the landscape has too little to do with the story. It may be a leisure hour with them, but we do not see whence they came, nor whither they are going.

In (No. 141) 'The Counterfeit Coin,' W. H. KNIGHT, are figures that would do honour to the worthiest of the bygone Dutch small figure painters. It is evident there is here a dispute about a piece of money, but it is by no means clear whether the woman keeping the fish stall has attempted to pass it to the child before her, or the latter has tried to cheat her.

No. 147, 'The Portrait,' C. ROSSITER, is an oil miniature, very French in feeling, in which a mother shows her child the portrait of its father.

'Come Along' (No. 5), W. HEMSLEY, are words of encouragement addressed by a boy to a child that has just begun to trust itself to its legs. In 'The Caryatid Portico of the Erechtheum, Athens' (No. 2), HARRY JOHNSON, the ruins are seen by twilight, the portico itself rising against the clear sky. Dealing with the subject thus communicates to it a sentiment which would be wanting to a mere daylight portrait of the place. The same artist has painted 'The Temple of Minerva in Egina, Greece' (No. 65), and here the lone and shattered columns stand in opposition to a sky lighted by the rising moon. There is no sign of life; had there been any, perhaps, the evidences of death would be more deeply impressive. In looking at such pictures, one feels an intrusive upper tone that would rob them in any degree of their tomb-like sanctity, to be an insufferable impertinence.

In 'The House of Lords from Millbank,' J. DANNY (No. 52), the spectator will be at a loss to account for the artist's good fortune in having been able to keep his subject so free from useless distractions. With the exception of the towers of the Houses of Parliament, the view is almost as bare as it might have been half a century ago. The purpose is the light of a sunny morning with the sun just above the horizon, and in order to make the most of this, there are just buildings enough; these are set forth with a simplicity that centres the interest in the sky and water.

A contrast to this is 'Through a Birch Wood, North Wales' (No. 179), by T. DANNY, a close study from a veritable locality, and looking so pleasantly easy that nothing could undeceive an aspirant but sitting down under the agreeable delusion to do something like it.

In Mr. Dawson's 'Evening' (No. 185) there is a distribution of lines and forms that keeps the interest alive in what part soever the eye falls. It represents only a hay-field, but the figures, the heaps of mown hay, the cart, the trees, and other incidents, form a most pleasing association. It may, however, be observed that the hay does not differ in colour sufficiently from the grass to look fit for carrying, and the tree on the left against a sunset sky should have been darker, this would have thrown the cart more forward. The subject may be commonplace, but it is rendered valuable by its heart-felt interpretation.

'Leafy Shade' (No. 212), H. JUTSUM, is a study of a pool deepened and darkened by over-shadowing trees—and with a surface so tranquil that any skating spider or jaunty gnat would break it into flashing lines or circles. The trees, with their full charge of leafage of lively green, and the fresh herbage at the water's edge, speak of June; but the picture has even more to say than this.

No. 221, 'The Valley Mill, Newlands,' J. W. OAKER, has much merit; but we cannot help remarking how rapid has been Mr. Oaker's transition from microscopic definition to a more unctuous solidity of manner. 'Limburg, on the Lahn' (245), G. C. STANFIELD, is one of those old-world combinations of castellated and domestic architecture which this artist reproduces with such earnest reality. There is as usual a river, from the brink of which the buildings rise pile upon pile, terminating with the highest points of the castle. 'Out,' C. ROSSITER (249), is a game at cricket, spirited in every way. 'The Connoisseur' (258), T. P. HALL, is called a sketch; if it be so, it is not very clear where sketching ends and painting begins, for, as well

as the picture can be seen, it presents a very highly-finished surface, with much suavity of colour. There are two figures, a rustic youth and maiden, who have met at the pump, and he criticises a photograph of her. The defect of the picture is the caricaturesque style of the figures. 'Evangeline' (263), W. GALE, is a head extremely bright in colour and tender in expression. 'You Mustn't Shoot Me' (264), A. LUDOVICI, shows a little girl deprecating the menace of a plaster Cupid who is about to discharge an arrow. It is a little picture painted in the feeling of a foreign school, with more of shade than we should perhaps give to such a work. 'The Golden Age' (265) is the joint production of two artists—NIEMANN and CRAIG, and the passage is principally a greenwood nook, with a pool shaded by tall trees having heavy and dense charges of foliage. The scene is extremely well painted, looking like composition, as wanting all the obtrusive incident of nature, which cannot always be rejected; and thus far it is very powerful, but vulgarised by a multitude of coarse nymphs where two retiring figures would have been ample. 'Anne Page' (275), T. F. DICKSEE, is a pretty girl carrying a tray. In 'Signing the Will' (279), W. H. KNIGHT, there is great force of colour and a dignity of composition that would well suit a larger picture; the whole comes well together, with the exception of a picture frame in the upper left corner. 'Anxious Hours' (299), J. A. HOUSSON, in which we see a mother praying by the bedside of her sick child, is impressive and interesting. It is a prevailing fashion to get as much light as possible into pictures, but we find here a composition modelled on the old-fashioned principle that a proportion of dark is necessary to secure a direct appeal to the eye. 'Shylock's Charge to Jessica' (311), W. HOLYOAKE. This is a large work, and intended to be important; but, right or wrong as to costume, common taste is gravely outraged by the yellow hat worn by Shylock; it is a hideous headgear, and the heads of both figures are too large—Jessica especially would have been more graceful and delicate with a smaller head. The composition has, however, been worked out with great care. 'A Litter of Blind Pups' (319), T. EARL, and (349) 'A Study of Pups,' R. PHYSICK, seem to have been painted from the same animals; both are admirably drawn. 'Reflection' (334), J. H. S. MANN, is a study of a girl seated in a chair, painted in a strain of dreamy, low-toned brilliancy demonstrating that light does not always depend upon white paint. 'The Reproof' (340), ALFRED PROVIS, is one of those quaint cottage interiors of which this painter has produced so many. But we miss here the darks and the middle tints which gave such piquancy to his earlier works. In finish, it is unexceptionable, but it is overdone with colour. 'A Bit by the Water-side' (350), W. W. GOSLING, is a cottage and "bit of" foreground shaded by trees, the foliage of which is spread out in individual leaflets—this is the weak point of the view; a little massing is indispensable to the relief of this monotony. 'A Storm a-Brewing' (359), A. LUDOVICI, is an example of a foreign school, more like the French than any other, which we notice for its negative qualities. It introduces us to a numerous company of ragged urchins who are playing among a quantity of beer barrels. It is only a sketch, for none of the figures are painted from the life, however full of life they may seem, and the shades are dull and opaque. 'Mazeppa—a Study' (367), A. COOPER, R.A., looks like a sketch of years gone by, when Mr. Cooper was ambitious. Very little of it can be seen. 'The Port of Brest,' being No. 7 of a series of the ports of France, W. PARROTT (390). We have seen Mr. Parrott's 'Honfleur,' 'Havre,' and other similar subjects, but this excels all those in honest daylight effect; it is singularly full of a variety of seafaring allusion and material, but has less the appearance of a naval arsenal than a commercial port.

Of 'The Burgomaster's Dessert' (No. 407), G. LANCE, we think we have already tasted the quality; yet there is a piece of tapestry under the dish which we cannot help again praising beyond all else in the picture, marvellously elaborate though it be throughout. Mr. Lance has also (No. 118) 'Force and Finish,' a pair of inseparables in one frame, presumed each to illustrate

one of the properties in the title; but we find that each picture exemplifies the entire title.

'On the Thames, near Goring' (No. 411), E. HARGITT, is so fresh as to suggest its having been entirely worked on the spot. We have been for some time impressed with the substantial originality of the works that appear under this name.

'An Overgrown Nursing—Brittany Ewe and her Lamb' (No. 414), F. W. KEYL,—remarkable for its strong vitality. The lamb is nearly the size of its mother, and is yet indebted to her for nutriment. No. 135, 'Sheep on a Common,' by the same artist, is a more pleasing work.

'Perth,' J. FAHEY (No. 431), is a broad and unaffected landscape with a distant view of the ancient city—the whole painted in warm and sober tints eloquent of autumn. We look up the Tay, which, spanned by its fine old bridge, sparkles in the distance.

'The Conversazione' (No. 441), J. A. FITZGERALD, is an aggroupment of small, half-length figures, remarkable for beauty of colour and firmness of painting.

'Rodwell—Portland Bay' (No. 479), E. F. D. PRITCHARD, seems to have merit, but the picture cannot be seen.

'Andalusian Peasants departing from a Venta,' D. W. DEANE (No. 520). This is so full of peculiar individualism, that it must be true in everything. The place is one of those Spanish country inns wherein men and beasts are received in one abiding place almost common to both. But the picture is heavy, because all the shades are opaque.

'Peppys' Dancing Lesson' (No. 545), J. D. WINGFIELD, reminds us of Richelieu's saraband before Anne of Austria. "The dancing-master came," says the Diary, "whom standing by, seeing him instructing my wife, when he had done with her he would needs have me try the steps of a *courante*. The truth is, I think it is a thing very useful for any gentleman"—and so Peppys complacently justifies the very silly figure he cuts in his saltatory exercise.

'Dialogos Diversos' (No. 600), E. LONG. An affected title to a picture which has in it some good points overborne by striking weaknesses. The *dialogos* are carried on by two monks (principal figures) and two or three other pairs, two lovers, a fruit woman and her customer, and perhaps a second couple of lovers. In the two priests there is much to praise, but all that is good in them is negated by the other components.

'How I Won the Victoria Cross'—taking the Taku forts, China—T. JONES BARKER (No. 590). This is Ensign Chaplin's feat of beating the French tirailleur, and planting, under a murderous fire, the colours of the 67th Regiment on the cavalier platform. There is nothing to be said about the work, but that the description of the gallant act is perspicuous and unaffected.

Among the landscapes and localities in the South Room, there is, by G. SANT (No. 607), 'Loch Ard, Perthshire'—a wild and rugged, but essentially romantic scene, showing a lake in the centre with a flat, dead, and opaque reflection like a film over milk and water. The rest of the view is an impressive solitude of many hills, all of which come together on good terms; but the lake is certainly a staring anomaly.

'A November Morning on the Thames,' FRANK DILLON (No. 534), is an effect which occurs, at least once or twice in each year on the river, when neither steam nor sailing vessels can make their way without the exercise of the greatest skill and caution. The phantom forms of the ships and sails are such as we should see them under such circumstances.

'The Last Days of Pompeii' (No. 619), J. COLBY, exemplifies a class of subject and feeling long exploded. We notice the picture simply to observe that in the public taste there is no inclination whatever for this kind of Art. The theme is drawn from Bulwer's "Last Days of Pompeii," and lies in the following passage:—"Arbaces, pausing for a moment, gazed on the pair, with a brow from which all the stern serenity had fled; he recovered himself by an effort, and slowly approached them, but with a step so soft and echoless, that even the attendants heard him not, much less Ione and her lover." The picture is like fresco, and it wants that kind

of spirit which a passage of dark and the heightening of the lights would give it.

'The Empty Frock' (No. 554), J. ERSKINE NICOL, is a sound and substantial study of a woman in humble life, who holds before her the frock, it may be supposed, of her deceased child. Had the mourning of the bereft mother been marked by some distinct outward sign, the story had been more impressive. The sentiment of the picture is of a tone superior to that of many exhibited under this name.

'Part of the Old Church of Notre Dame and Rue Notre Dame, Caen, Normandy' (No. 555), L. J. WOOD, contains a greater depth of view and more detail than Mr. Wood usually paints. His practice has been to select a commanding and picturesque building, and to work it out in strong relief, supported by smaller objects, and such compositions are much more telling than a street vista such as is here represented. We have all the clear painting of the artist, but the picture is not so interesting as those composed with more important quantities.

'The Reconciliation of Dora' (No. 558), C. LACY—a finished sketch—is from Tennyson's poem—

"Oh, father, if you let me call you so,
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child: but now I come
For Dora," &c.

This pleads Mary, and Dora stands beside her hiding her face, and the father looks quite "hard"—enough to justify Mary in asking back her child. In the larger picture, which, we presume, it is intended to paint from this, we venture to counsel that there should be a more direct relation between Mary and her father—a line of connection is wanting.

In 'A Welsh Girl Knitting' (No. 575), E. J. COBBETT, the drawing and painting are not of the best examples of this painter's art.

'Limpet Gatherers, Coast of Devonshire' (No. 595), C. DUKES, is a departure from the class of figures and kind of composition we have been accustomed to see under this name. The figures are two, and the simplicity of the composition leaves nothing to be desired in that direction.

In 'How an Heiress was Lost' (No. 612), A. WEIGALL, we learn that she was lost by her suitor having fallen asleep while she thought she was entertaining him by her singing and playing. Having finished her song, she looks round and finds him dozing, perhaps snoring, in the most graceless of all attitudes, with his hands in his pockets. The story is perspicuous enough, and in the present day such a work will have admirers, though there was a time when it would have been pronounced a barbarism.

Not only is 'Summer Hours' (No. 618), D. WILKIE WYFIELD, Italian in the costume and character of its figures, but also in the spirit of the painting. It contains a pair of lovers seated on a stone bench, but divided by the slab that serves as the common back for both sides. A better composition, we submit, would have resulted from grouping the two in this side.

'A Country Road, Autumn' (501), F. W. HULME, is an instance of the most refined feeling in our rising school of landscape art. The trees are almost pretty; but they are redeemed by neighbouring influences, and the eye is charmed by the caressing touch wherewith all is made out, though here and there there is a dryness of surface left by the vehicle—copal, we presume.

Mr. BODDINGTON's 'Morning on the Usk' (No. 514), has more of freshness and freedom, and less of the air of the studio, than has been seen in his recent works. The subject is, perhaps, not so attractive as many he has painted even lately, but it is more breezy and natural.

CARMICHAEL's 'Scarborough—Morning' (No. 624) affords a north-east view of the town from the beach, so showing the cliff and the castle. The artist has been clearly painting for light, and although the sun's rays are more or less veiled by the morning vapours, there is a distribution of light sufficient for great brilliancy of effect. The delineation is very faithful withal; the place is at once determinable.

'Finchall Abbey, Durham,' J. PEEL, is an example of perfect local accuracy, without any attempt at sentimental description. The place is on the banks of the Wear, below Durham, and

presents a charming variety of pleasant meadow, winding stream, and green trees—an uncompromising transcript of the locality.

Having spoken of small works forming a feature in the Art of the time, it may be well to show more distinctly what is meant. It is obvious that French Art has exerted a marked influence upon painters who were yet free to choose, whose constitution was yet unconfirmed, or who were not yet sunk into the blind inveteracy of manner. The works of Meissonier and Frère have served as models to many. We trace the source of the suggestion, though it be presented in a dress rather more English than French. The novelty of "pre-Raphaelism" drew many followers among those who could not think for themselves; and these French pictures have made similar impressions: yet the firmer infatuation is all but subdued, while the French sentiment is flourishing, and will, it is to be hoped, supply a deficiency in our own school. "Pre-Raphaelite" pictures are now few, and even the majority of the most ardent professors of the manner have modified their pretensions. Pre-Raphaelism never could have assisted students to popularise small pictures, whereas the feeling of the French school is precisely that best adapted to domestic story, which is at this time in the ascendant in the popular taste.

Mr. FROST's 'Venus and Cupid' (No. 471) is the very reverse of the French; but it is a small picture, and in flesh painting we have nothing to learn from the French. It is a gem rarely finished, and seriously mythological—a class of subject that went almost out with Etty, and will go quite out with Frost. It is the only work of its kind in the collection; yet, if there were others, it would yet be of unique excellence.

Very different is 'After the Spanish' (No. 464), W. GALE. It is simply a study of the head and shoulders of what we must suppose to be a Spanish woman, solidly painted, highly finished, and though dark, yet brilliant. This artist paints many of these miniature heads, and the question arises, if they were of the size of life, would they be as readily convertible into currency as they are "in little," even at the same cost? We say "No!" for many reasons.

'A Bit of Common' (No. 465), A. GILBERT, is a minute landscape, passing sweet in colour.

'The Temple of Vesta, Tivoli' (No. 473), G. E. HERING, is very mellow and harmonious in colour. It is really a better view of the beautiful remnant than is to be had on the other side.

'A View near Norwood' (No. 463), A. DAWSON, is an extremely chilly bit of landscape, but it has been very conscientiously worked.

'The Nutgatherer' (No. 472), C. S. LIDDERDALE, is a girl carrying a bag of nuts; it is bright and attractive at a few yards distance, but portions of the painting, especially of the hands, will not bear examination.

'The Evening Hour' (No. 476), C. SMITH, is original, sparkling, and effective; it would paint well larger.

'An Irish Fireside' (No. 506), G. W. BROWNLOW, is perhaps too daintily worked for the best aspect that could be given to the place; rags, dilapidation, and what housewives call untidiness, are the essence of the picturesque.

'Recollections of Greece' (No. 355), HARRY JOHNSON, consists of three small views, in one frame, of Corinth, Sunium, and Athens. In the last we see the Acropolis under the effect of sunset and moonrise; but Corinth holds much better together—it is highly romantic and charming in colour. Sunium is a round picture, smaller, showing principally the ruins.

'The Escape—a Sketch' (No. 372), R. BEAVIS, is that of a trooper of the civil war between Charles and the Parliament careering at high speed on a grey charger, and pursued by the enemy; it is an extremely well conceived and spirited picture, with all the qualities for a large sized work. With execution much more careful, we find a small composition called 'Down in the Wood' (No. 443); but this title is wholly inapplicable to the picture, which is composed of a woman carrying a child across a mountain stream. The group is made out with great nicety and propriety.

'The Sheikh of a Desert Tribe' (No. 369), W. LUKER, is presented as standing by his camel, a part only of both being seen; and very like this

is 'A Bedouin Arab on the Desert of Suez' (No. 111), by the same artist.

'A Foraging Expedition' (No. 402), F. WERKER, contains but one figure, a moss trooper, mounted on a thin and jaded beast, cautiously approaching the herd he intends to "lift."

'Beauty and the Beast' (No. 419), C. ROSSITER, suddenly changes the scene from Cheviot foot to a well-ordered room, in which a fresh looking baby plays beauty, and a long, shock-haired terrier plays the beast: it is painted with firmness and precision.

'At Boppard, on the Rhine' (No. 235), J. D. BARNETT, describes a mass of old and picturesque architecture, such as painters of architecture prize highly.

No. 193, called 'A Recollection, Somerley, Hants,' J. D. WINGFIELD, is a well-painted section of a richly-furnished room, showing particularly the fire-place, over which hang pictures, and conspicuously, 'Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse.'

The above noted works are all small, and the number and continued reproduction of pictures almost minute is very significant of the class of patrons for whom they are executed. They must be necessarily placed near the eye—a situation that exacts the utmost nicety and exactitude of finish. But those who devote themselves to these miniature studies will not be able to execute large works with the like success, if they can even paint large at all. All Wilkie's triumphs are small pictures—he could never work out large figures; all Haydon's works are large—he could never paint small with equal power.

The exhibition presents but very few instances of impressive landscape painting. We see that there is a very large proportion of collectors who are content with figure pictures that are deficient of both argument and sentiment; and their landscapes, in like manner, they select for their local similitude, the lowest scale of landscape art. For such productions there is necessary only a good eye and a practised hand—to the poetry of nature there is no response within; therefore, on the canvas there is no song. Up to within not very many years ago, all our landscapes were worked out in the studio. Creswick was one of the first that worked assiduously and effectively in oil, in the woods and fields; and the result of this practice was so entirely different from all mere studio pictures, that these close imitations excited an admiration which has not yet subsided. All the landscape painting is in the hands of men comparatively young, who have educated themselves on the simple principle of a literal translation of nature as they see it.

Dawson's title 'Evening' (No. 185), is perfectly appropriate, for his picture is more than a simple representation of a hay-field. It has generally happened with this artist that his skies have been his pictures; the sky here is admirable, but not good enough for him, though the hay-field is the most valuable ground plan he has ever painted.

As a mode of practice directly opposed to this, Mr. NIEMANN's 'Golden Age' has been painted entirely in the studio, in compliance with the habits of our old masters. Of this work we have already observed that the scene had been better without the figures. This artist exhibits also (No. 139) 'An Italian Landscape,' which is simply a view of the windings of the river Swale, in Yorkshire, with a Roman tower occupying the site of Richmond Castle. Any title may be given to a picture, but between the title and work there should be coincidence.

'The Lago Di Como, Menaggio' (No. 383), a warm Italian landscape, would never be attributed to A. W. WILLIAMS. He is here painting for light; he has hitherto painted for force of shade.

A picture by E. HARGITT—"On the Thames near Goring"—we have already noted. We revert to it now to say, that with all its merits, judging from landscapes that have already appeared under this name, the artist possesses powers far beyond this.

Mr. JUTSUM, an old contributor to this institution, has one picture wherein is embodied a striking reality, with a more refined sentiment than he has been wont to paint.

In 'Mont Orgueil, Jersey' (No. 383), E. HAYES, R.H.A., it seems to be proposed that water forms should not be painted into rigid shapes, but present a surface as liquid as can be

made consistent with movement. There is more lustre in a sea like this, than when it is hardened by an excess of white.

By G. E. HERING there is a broad and warm Italian landscape, 'On the Isola dei Pescatori' (No. 165), so tranquil that everything seems to be listening for an echo that never comes. Of Sant's 'Lach Ard' we have already spoken, and also of Hulme; both he and Peel have sent works on which they have bestowed much careful labour; both work *sub Jove*, but they differ in the terms of their translations.

Among the sculpture there are two subjects from English history. In one—'Queen Eleanor and Fair Rosamond,' GEORGE HALSE—we see the queen insisting on her victim draining the poison cup. The narrative is so clear, that the nature of the relation between the figures cannot be mistaken. The second is 'Queen Eleanor sucking the poison from the arm of Edward I,' J. S. WESTMACOTT; and other works by Lynn, Earle, &c. And thus conclude we our analysis of this exhibition, of which the catalogue gives certain good names, but by a coincidence that falls out sometimes, it would almost seem as if the bearers of these names had, with one consent, agreed not to do themselves justice.

It does not, however, follow that because an exhibition is indifferent, the lessons that it teaches are not valuable. Painters, like all other aspirants, must have weak and crude beginnings; and he is the most discerning critic, who has knowledge enough of the craft he deals with, to see the small yet starry scintillations which emanate from canvases otherwise obscure, and to mark them down as lights that will one day illuminate a name. The *toujours perdrix* of choice collections falls upon the appetite. We are insensible, for instance, to the grand collection of paintings we possess in the National Gallery, save when we come fresh from some of the very mixed collections of the Continent. One of Diiraeli's heroes said he "rather liked" bad wine, but gave no reason for his liking; for ourselves we rather like, sometimes, bad pictures, but with a reason, which is, that they give great zest to the relish for good ones.

Fuseli, in his day, said that the art was gone whence it is not desirable that it should return; what would he now say, could he walk round these or any other rooms wherein are shown the labours of our living school? It is singular, but nevertheless true, that, as the run of subject has descended from history and poetry to the incidents of every-day life, our drawing is more accurate, and our painting more firm; and these qualities occur continually in the exhibition of which we are speaking: yet withal, we must regret, as a hiatus which nothing else can fill up, the almost entire absence of high-class theme and narrative.

It were fruitless to speculate on the number of works that are rejected, and the complaints of those who are disappointed of having their works exhibited. On examining the upper lines, inasmuch as they possess no kind of interest, it would be well if some such rule were adopted, as has operated in the Royal Academy, to limiting the hanging space to one or two tiers above the line. Long and loud has ever been the wail of excluded mediocrity, but we cannot help thinking rising artists would be eventually benefited, and exhibitions would become more attractive as their contents became more select.

There can be no doubt that a time is approaching when a remodelling of the British Institution will take place, founded on the circumstance of their lease expiring.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

This Society is now holding its sixth exhibition at the Gallery of the New Society of Water-Colour Painters, No. 53, Pall Mall. The majority of the pictures are small, but in those small works there is more of sound quality than has ever been seen in any preceding exhibition of the Society. Very many of the drawings have a superfluity of white margin round them,

though they by no means require any such false support; they are sufficiently firmly drawn and worked, to be framed up close. A glance at the walls shows at once that there is a considerable accession of contributions from the hands of practised painters. There are more figures and skilfully painted landscapes, and the still life and flower subjects are less numerous, than heretofore. The works of ladies have always had a tendency to the light and the pretty, for want of that earnest discipline which would bring them up to a standard of competition with the works of men. What we mean is conversely shown in the pictures of the French ladies who contribute to the exhibition. All these studies declare a power of drawing and painting from the living subject, and the manner of the painting is confident, based as it is upon a sound, elementary education. Yet on looking into the pictures, there will be seen a great increase of executive power, and a sounder knowledge of the means of Art. Ladies often think face painting the first and the last desideratum, and here and there the feeble drawing of extremities and imperfect proportions, shows that it is not to be so considered. There is a proportion of bad pictures in the collection, but what similar exhibition is without such? With these it were a waste of time and space to deal critically; we shall speak only of those that have a certain claim to notice, and these on examination will show that the exhibition is the best the Society has yet had.

There are in Mrs. BACKHOUSE's drawings, greater breadth and mellowness than she has ever shown before: this lady has the faculty of making pictures out of very ordinary material—'A Year in Place' (198)—a little girl holding a dusting brush, and with a smiling face—is bright in colour and better than masculine in treatment and touch. 'Madeline Waiting for a Customer' (173)—clearly a study of a French child presiding at her fruit stall—is different in character and kind from the preceding, but equal in executive quality. There are also by this lady, 'Beginning Life,' and 'French Portense on her way to Market,' with some others not less powerful. 'Resting at the Well' (183), Mrs. PAUL J. NAPTEL, is a study of much tenderness and beauty, as well in the figure as in the careful making out of the whole of its surroundings—it is a child sitting at a well; Miss AGNES BOUVIER exhibits two drawings, 'The First Lesson' (136) and 'Little Heath Flower,' both remarkable for careful drawing and painting. 'Autumn Berries' (165), Miss ADELAIDE BURGESS, is not, as the title would imply, a vegetable study, but a group of two children decking their hair with wreaths of haws; and (107) 'Dreams more pleasant than Realities,' is a girl sleeping at a window, from whence it is seen that outside the weather is stormy.

'Give Me a Hand' (39), Miss K. SWIFT, is a large oil picture, in which a child is asking assistance over a stile from a girl bearing a pail on her head. The simplicity of this study is its great merit. Other works under the same name are 'The Bucket,' 'Peace likely to be Broken,' 'The Escape of Grotius from Löwenstein,' &c. 'The Lace-Maker' (42), Miss ELLEN PARTRIDGE, is a presence real and palpable—a girl seated in profile, with her lace-pillow before her: but in the smaller heads by this lady there is much skilful painting and firmness of manner, especially in (90) 'A Portrait.' By Mrs. ROBERTON BLAINE there are two Eastern desert subjects (Nos. 61 and 77), 'Fountain of the Virgin Mary, Nazareth, from a sketch taken in 1849,' and 'Evening in the Desert,' both of these, with the figures and camels by which they are animated, and the sentiment that characterises them, are purely Oriental; in the subjects there is but little whereof to make pictures, hence the greater merit in the spirit in which they are dealt with. There are two or three further instances of the clear, quaint, and substantial mode of poultry-painting practised by Madame JULIETTE PEYROL (*née BONNEUR*); these are (18) 'Fowls,' (45) 'Ducks,' (70) 'Boy feeding Ducks,' and (87) 'The Thief'—a fox with a fowl that he has stolen. The principle on which these pictures are wrought is the simplest we know; that is, the relief of a light or a dark tone by its opposite, the background being kept as broad as possible. 'A Portrait of a

Lady' (22) is a life-sized head and bust, by Mrs. SWIFT.

The French pictures are principally figure incidents, not very aspiring, but for the most part well drawn and boldly painted; they consist of, notably, (38) 'Love of Labour,' Madlle. MARIE BARRAC; (41) 'The Knitter,' Madame MARIE CHOSSON; (52) 'Happiness,' Madlle. ZÉLIDE LE CRAN. In (68) 'The Absent Scholar,' Madlle. SOPHIE JOBERT, appears a student in the garb of an ecclesiastic, so intent upon the book he holds before him, that he does not see the love signals that pass between his secretary and his niece, who hands him a glass of lemonade. (76) 'School in Normandy,' Madlle. EDDIE DE GRIMARD, is so entirely an artist's picture, that, on the part of a lady, some nerve and much knowledge are necessary for the completion of such a study. The scene is a schoolroom—too crowded perhaps—wherein all the children, and the dame, who wears the habit of a nun, are opposed to the light. The luminous outlines are very true, but the shaded portions are opaque and heavy. 'The Slipper' (78), Madame GOZZOLI, is a sketchy study of a girl putting on a slipper.

Among the water-colour works there are yet some figure subjects to be noticed. We find on one of the pedestals a pen drawing or etching of 'Angels adoring the Infant Saviour; it is the work of the Hon. Mrs. BOYLE, and a more careful piece of elaboration we have never seen—beautiful in drawing, and not less so in sentiment: the lady who drew this with such infinite striving for accuracy would certainly paint equally well. Mrs. BARTHOLOMEW has sent (125) 'The Hop Queen,' and (141) 'Going to be Confirmed,' whereby her reputation is well sustained; and in 'Miranda' (94) Mrs. MOSLEY exhibits a life-sized head (oil), extremely delicate in treatment. Lady BELCHER has sent (118) 'Disappointment—Portrait of a Gipsy Woman at Hereford,' and (162) 'Raglan Castle, Monmouthshire.'

Among the landscapes there are examples of earnest and persevering labour; such are Mrs. J. W. BROWN's (24) 'Entrance to Glen Ross, Arran,' 'Glen Sharrag, Arran' (29), and 'The Loch of Lowes' (106). Mrs. OLIVER has sent nothing of importance, but her small studies are decided and masterly—they are in all seven: (62) 'Rydal Water, Westmoreland,' again (142), 'Rydal Water, Westmoreland,' (178) 'On the Stock Gill River, Westmoreland,' &c. Miss E. F. WILLIAMS contributes two small landscapes of much beauty, they are—'Near Kingston Vale' (51), and (82) 'Morning on the Thames'; and by Miss POCOCK is a well-meant study of a difficult passage (253), 'A Burn in the Forest of Birse, looking towards Aboyne, Aberdeenshire.'

There are not so many instances of flowers and fruits as have heretofore appeared in this exhibition, but those shown are of rare quality. A 'Study of Colour' is a rich aggroupment of flowers, as curiously finished as, but with more effect than, antecedent works which established this lady as one of the most persevering of living artists. Mrs. E. D. MURRAY contributes two pieces of coast scenery, 'Grève de Lecq, Jersey,' and 'The Bass Rock, Firth of Forth' (35 and 86). By Miss WALTER there are several brilliant flower and fruit compositions, as (112) 'Green Grapes and Peaches,' (157) 'Hedge Sparrow's Nest and Flowers,' and 'Spring Flowers,' all of which show an advance on former works. Miss LANCE's (180) 'Fruit,' and (260) 'Peaches,' are as charming as anything that has ever been done in this way. 'Roslyn Chapel' (46), LOUIS RAYNER, is an oil picture on a large scale, but this artist is by no means so much at home in oil as in water and body colour: her architecture is most spirited and effective.

On the screens are some very carefully finished works by CLARA E. F. KITTLE, CHARLOTTE JAMES, Miss WEIGALL, Miss LAIRD; and elsewhere some drawings worked out with knowledge and effect by S. WILKES, and others by Miss GASTINEAU.

In sculpture, the Princess Beatrice, by Mrs. THORNECROFT, has been modelled with a strong feeling for classic beauty; and by ROSA BONHEUR are some small bronze live stock; as spirited as all her cattle studies invariably are. The exhibition has more real artistic value than it has heretofore shown.

BRITISH ARTISTS : THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LIX.—ABRAHAM SOLOMON.



COULD it be possible for the founders of the British School of Painting to rise from their graves and examine the Art of the present day, how much would they see to excite their surprise and wonder—the multitude of its disciples, the variety of their works, the change which less than a century has effected in the whole artistic body, as well as in that portion of the public which takes an interest in pictures. Our early painters were content in a great measure to follow, so far as they were able, in the footsteps of the great masters of antiquity; our cotemporaries work out a path for themselves, independent almost, if not quite, of all antecedent examples. In portraiture, perhaps, but little alteration has been effected, because this department of Art scarcely admits of any; it is limited in its character: still it must be confessed we have no Reynolds now. Yet how strange would the works of Mulready and Webster appear to Hogarth; of Maclise, Ward, and Herbert, to Barry, Opie, and Northcote; of Turner, Stanfield, Linnell, and D. Roberts, to Wilson, Zuccherelli, and Lóuthembourg; of Landseer and Sydney Cooper to Morland: opinions may disagree upon the merits of the pictures belonging to the respective epochs, but the difference between them is as indisputable as is the increase in the growth of painters and the diversity of their operations.

The latter fact is, probably, to be accounted for by the enormous addition the last twenty or thirty years have made to our literature, and

the various resources these have opened up to our school of artists. As a body they are not reading men; and, perhaps, there is no class pursuing a liberal and enlightened profession, in whose houses one will see fewer books, even upon those subjects in which they are presumed to have especial interest—namely, their art: exceptions there are undoubtedly, but, as a rule, the statement is undeniable. Books, however, form the foundation of a very large number of their works, and the walls of our exhibition rooms teem every year with pictures illustrating the pages of the standard novel, or poem, or drama, from Shakspeare and Spenser down to Scott, Byron, and Dickens, preference being given to the most popular productions of the most popular writer: hence the constant repetition of subjects with which every one is familiar, till we become weary of the old themes, notwithstanding the varied garb in which they are made to appear, and looking round the gallery whereon they are displayed, we despondingly ask—“Who will show us anything new?”

The class of artists to whom these remarks especially apply, are men, generally speaking, who will not think for themselves, preferring rather to work out the thoughts of others, and of those thoughts which cost them the least trouble, because they are the most familiar both to themselves and others, and are, therefore, most readily understood. Yet we are not without painters who will not accept another's description or interpretation of men and manners, but will tell their own story, and in their own way; they will study human nature for themselves and give us their own reading of it: such an one is Mr. Solomon, in some of his pictures at least.

He was born in the city of London, in May, 1824, and, at the age of thirteen, entered the School of Art in Bloomsbury, then presided over by Mr. Sass, but subsequently, and at this time, by Mr. F. Cary; the same year he obtained a medal from the Society of Arts. In 1839 he became a student in the Royal Academy, and in the two following years gained silver medals in the antique and life schools respectively. From the year 1843 down to the present time, Mr. Solomon has been a regular contributor to the annual exhibitions of the Academy, and occasionally at the gallery of the British Institution. His first picture was a scene from Crabbe's poems, the ‘Courtship of Ditchem;’ then came a scene from ‘Peveril of the Peak,’ introducing Ralph Bridgenorth, Julian, and Alice



Engraved by]

“DROWNED! DROWNED!”

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Bridgenorth, where the father unexpectedly intrudes on the young lovers: the story is pointedly told, and the picture contains some clever painting. The ‘Breakfast Table,’ exhibited in 1846, is, as the title suggests, a domestic scene, but there is in it a little episode, or by-play, which gives it significance. The breakfast party consists of an elderly gentleman, occupied with his morning paper, and a young lady, his daughter: a negro servant enters, bearing a tray covered with good things for the meal; but he is in the

damsel's confidence as to some love affair, for underneath the tray he holds a letter which the lady receives with much trepidation, fearing a discovery. The heads of the three figures have been carefully studied—in the absorbing interest which the old gentleman finds in his paper, the apprehensive look of the girl, and the half-aly, half-fearful face of the black accomplice.

A more ambitious work than any he had hitherto executed was sent to the Academy in 1847, a composition suggested by the ‘Vicar of Wakefield,’

when the good man rebukes his wife and daughters for putting on their accustomed gay attire on the first Sunday after his reverse of fortune. There is an earnest solemnity on the Vicar's face that speaks of sadness of heart, less on account of his pecuniary losses than because of the vanity he sees before him—a vanity as perceptible in the looks of the females as in their attire. In the architectural room of the Academy hung the following year, 'A Ball-room in 1760,' a large picture of numerous figures, grouped with much eloquence and spirit, and very brilliant in colour: the costumes of the period had evidently been the subject of research and study. A composition not altogether dissimilar to this appeared in 1849; it is called 'Academy for Instruction in the Discipline of the Fan—1711,' and had its origin in one of the *Spectator* papers: the ladies are seated at the lesson, to one of whom the professor of the art is speaking: an under-current of satirical humour lies beneath the surface of female vanity and conceit. 'Too Truthful' (1850) illustrates a passage in Gay's Fables describing the artist who lost his practice by the faithfulness of his portraits. The patron who has entered the studio to look at the finished picture before it is sent home, is a wealthy citizen: the portrait is too faithful to please him, it shows all the ill-effects in his person and countenance of a life of animal enjoyment, and he turns from it disappointed and angry. Portrait-

painters are too wise now to fall into the error of Gay's unfortunate yet honest artist.

Mr. Solomon exhibited at the British Institution in 1851, two little pictures, one called 'Scandal,' an elderly lady and gentleman, half-length figures, in the costume of the last century: the former pours some "leperous distilment" into the ear of the latter, who listens to the communication with a sensible feeling of horror; the other picture, called 'La Petite Dieppoise,' conveys the subject in its title: both works are very substantially painted. In the Academy the same year was 'An Awkward Position,' representing an incident in the life of Goldsmith, who invited some lady friends whom he accidentally met at White Conduit House, to take tea in the gardens; when, however, the bill was presented, poor Oliver found he had not a penny in his purse. The artist shows him diving hopelessly into the depths of his breeches pocket, and looking amazed and confused at the dilemma in which he is placed. Sterne's 'Grisette,' and a scene from "Le Tartuffe," the quarrel between Marianne and Valere, where Dorine interferes, are the subjects of the pictures exhibited in 1852; the two works show a remarkable contrast, the angry and excited spirit of the one being opposed to the quiet expression of the other; but both are very skilfully worked out. 'Brunetta and Phillis' (1853), the subject



Engraved by]

MADE, BLAIZ.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

taken from the *Spectator*, is a severe satire upon the fashions of the day, carried out with much brilliancy of feminine costume, and not a little display of the weakness and frivolity of human nature.

The pair of pictures exhibited in 1854, respectively entitled 'First Class—the Meeting,' and 'Second Class—the Parting,' showed that the painter's ideas had moved into a new channel: he was now thinking for himself, instead of trusting to the thoughts of others, and hence we find an originality not observable in his preceding works. Of these two compositions, though the first is expressed with considerable power and knowledge of the value of colour, the second adds to these qualities a realisation of character and a feeling to which the other has no pretension. The story of the widowed mother accompanying her boy, perhaps her only son, in the railway carriage to the seaport where he is to join his ship, is told with deep pathos: one can sympathise with the poor woman's heart-trouble, we feel her grief to be genuine at the thought of parting; nor is the lad, though he strives to put a cheerful face on the matter, without some strong feeling of inward sorrow. As for the 'First Class' passengers in the other picture, they are so well pleased with themselves and each other as to forget interest none besides; they may go on their way unnoticed and uncared for; they are merely a group of well-dressed travellers who seem to have no definite object or purpose, except a passing flirtation.

'A Contrast,' exhibited in 1855. This is the title given to a subject which represents an invalid lady drawn in a chair on the sea-sands where a group of ruddy-cheeked fish-girls are busy: the sick woman's face is very beautifully painted. Mr. Solomon's next picture was also a "contrast" to the preceding; a young bride, after whom the painting is called, is adorning herself, or rather has just completed this important proceeding, for the marriage ceremony; her mother and the lady's-maid are present. The subject does little more than afford the artist an opportunity of showing his skill in painting rich costumes. 'Doubtful Fortune,' exhibited at the same time, is also a composition of three females, all young and well-born: one of them is pretending to tell, by cards, the fortunes of her companions. The girls are not ideal creatures of flesh and blood, but sensible and graceful realities.

But the picture which has served more than any other, perhaps, to raise Mr. Solomon's reputation as an earnest, thoughtful painter, was that exhibited in 1857, 'Waiting for the Verdict,' a work that forced itself on the attention of the visitors to the gallery quite as much as any in the rooms. So full of suggestive material for description is it, that we could devote a large space to its notice if we had room: it must suffice for us to say that both it and its companion, 'Not Guilty,' exhibited in 1859,—though the latter is in some respects inferior to the former,—are not more

vapid sentimentalities, but works that touch the feelings by their honest, natural expression, and which commend themselves to those who look only on the artistic surface, as it were, by the skill with which the painter has carried out his ideas. In 1858 he contributed three pictures to the Academy, one called 'The Flight,' an Indian scene, with a group of English women fleeing from some burning town or city: the second was 'MAD. BLAIS,' engraved on the preceding page; the subject is taken from Goldsmith's well-known ballad. Mr. Solomon seems occasionally addicted to pictorial contrasts; there is one here,—the vulgar-looking and drowsy woman, bedizened with jewels and gorgeous with "silks and satins new," is opposed to the modest young girl in the same pew, kneeling reverentially at her devotions with eyes fixed, in all probability, on the worthy minister. The point of the picture is self-evident, and if the subject is not the most agreeable, it is cleverly portrayed and needs no explanation. The third work of the year was 'The Lion in Love,' an old military officer making love to a jilt of a young woman. We candidly admit our regret at seeing this picture, and still more so to find it some time afterwards engraved, and so circulated over the country. Mr. Solomon unquestionably made a mistake here, if Art is to subserve any good purpose.

In addition to the picture of 'Not Guilty,' just referred to, he exhibited, in 1859, 'Ici on Rase,' the interior of a French barber's shop, the operator being, as is frequently the case in the villages of France, a female, who is conversing volubly with her friends while using the razor, to the evident terror of the sitter: there are numerous figures on the canvas, each one presenting some humorous and characteristic point. A third work of the year is that engraved on this page, 'THE FOX AND THE GRAPES,' a presumed scene in some public gardens during the early part of the last century. The two ladies are, of course, the "grapes," and sour grapes, too, under such guardianship, to the fop or "fox," seated on the bench, whose friend directs his attention to them: the expression of his face and his attitude demonstrate an opinion by no means complimentary to their beauty. The dresses are painted with marvellous accuracy and attention to details; one may fancy the rustling of that rich brocade worn by the nearer lady as she sweeps past the jealous beau with a self-satisfied air not unmixed with a certain degree of pertness.

If frivolity and vice were capable of learning a lesson from the teachings of Art, it would be difficult to find a more instructive page written with a painter's pencil than Mr. Solomon's picture of 'DROWNED! DROWNED!'



Engraved by

THE FOX AND THE GRAPES.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

exhibited at the Academy in 1860, which is not unworthy, for the story it tells, of a place beside Hogarth's 'Rake's Progress,' and, in all probability, had its origin in Hood's wonderfully thrilling and most pathetic poem of "The Bridge of Sighs." The composition shows two distinct groups: one a party of half-intoxicated revellers returning from a masquerade, the other a young female, "one more unfortunate," whom a waterman has just brought to shore from the dark rolling river: in front of her is a policeman, the light of whose "bull's-eye" glares vividly on that pale, death-stricken face. Another man points out to a woman coming from early market the place where the body was found. Here again, as in other works by the same artist, we have a "contrast,"—misery, death, and sympathy with human suffering on one side; gaiety, licentiousness, and degradation on the other; while midway between these the foremost figure of the revellers seems, by his look of mingled horror and pity, to stand as a link connecting the two extremes. Will that pallid form teach him anything? Has he had any share in bringing her to a suicide's death? Will he point her out to his companions, and entreat them, and learn himself, to turn from the error of their ways? No more eloquent and impressive sermon could be preached to them even by a St. Paul. The

picture, which, by the way, gained the £100 prize from the Liverpool Academy in the same year, is worth a whole gallery full of 'Lions in Love,' and works of a similar kind: we want Art which will do something more than amuse, even when it reach that point.

'Art-critics in Brittany,' 'Consolation,' and a scene from Molière's "Le Malade Imaginaire," were the pictures exhibited last year; the first at the British Institution, the others at the Academy. All that need be said of works so recently before the public is, that they well sustained the artist's reputation.

Without any desire to depreciate Mr. Solomon's talents as an illustrator of the writings of popular novelists and dramatists, it seems a pity that one who can delineate character of his own creation so skilfully as he has done in some of the pictures we have pointed out, should seek for subject-matter out of himself: he has that within him which needs no extraneous aid of this kind, and should rely on his own powers in the study of human nature as manifested in the world around him. This did Hogarth.

Mr. Solomon's younger brother and his sister are painters who are fast earning a good name for themselves.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOKS.*

This subject may probably excite a thought or feeling of surprise in the minds of some of our readers, who might consider it one beneath the notice of our journal, especially in a prominent form. We, however, are not of this opinion, and deem it to be as much our duty to point out, at discretion, what may please and benefit their children as what may interest themselves. While endeavouring to provide the strong meat for men, we would not forget the milk necessary for babes. In the present day, particularly, the efforts of all who wish well to their fellow-creatures are directed to

popular education in every form: it engages the attention of statesmen, it occupies the thoughts and the time of the man of letters and the artist; and the education of the young, in whatever condition of life, is regarded by all as a paramount duty, and therefore cannot be ignored by the journalist.

A book has just come into our hands which appears to merit especial notice from us, in our character of Art-journalists; but scarcely more for the excellence of its

numerous picturesque illustrations than for the clever and ingenious way in which the explanatory text is brought in. The title of the work is indicated below. On one page is a wood engraving, the subject of which takes in a letter of the alphabet, as, for example, in the illustration here introduced:—

"F begins Fanny, whose dear brother, Fred,
Has got a large basket of Fruit on his head.
How pleased she appears, with her arm-full of Flowers,
So Fragrant and Fresh, after yesterday's shower."

And thus the verse is continued on the opposite page, almost every line containing a word, generally a noun, commencing with the same letter, and referring to some object that appears in the ornamental border on the



illustrated page. This border we are compelled to omit as too large for our page. The editor of the volume says, "Children should be encouraged to find out for themselves the various objects that are introduced into the illustrations. It has not been practicable to engrave all the objects that are named in the letter-press, but upwards of three hundred of them are to be found in the pictures, thus affording ample scope for exercising the ingenuity and perseverance of the little ones."

The style in which the drawings and engravings

* THE MOTHER'S PICTURE ALPHABET. Designed by Henry Ansell. Engraved by James Johnston. Dedicated by Her Majesty's permission, to the Princess Beatrice. Published at the Office of the Children's Friend, 9, Paternoster Row, London.

are executed is seen in the above specimen; they are remarkably bold and artistic. The child will, by their means, have its eye educated to forms true and excellent, while its mind is being trained to that which is morally good, and pleasant at the same time; for the verse is not of the ordinary nursery-rhyme order, but sensible, and really attractive to young minds.

Another book, a much smaller one, from the same publishers, lies before us,—the volume of *Children's Friend* for the past year. It contains, if we are not mistaken, a

considerable portion of the writings and of the woodcuts which have appeared in that admirable and wonderfully cheap periodical, the *British Workman*; a sheet—for

it is nothing else—we should rejoice to know found its way, as it deserves to do, into every dwelling in the British dominions; ay, more than this, into every civilised habitation throughout the world where the lessons it teaches, either pictorially or by words, could be understood. We regard the editor of the *British Workman* (who is also the editor of the "Mother's Picture Alphabet") as one of the "great philanthropists" of the day. The name of Mr. Smithies deserves to be made known as one whose works oppose a strong barrier to the immorality and infidelity of the age.

THE
SCIENCE AND ART DEPARTMENT,
SOUTH KENSINGTON.

THE great Council of the nation is once more sitting in solemn conclave, occupied with the affairs of the country. Before these pages are in the hands of our readers, all the questions relative to the recent dispute with the Americans will, no doubt, have been asked, and satisfactorily answered. Happily we are now at peace with all the world, and there seems to be nothing with regard to our foreign relations, to distract the attention of the legislature from affairs at home; but there is ample scope here for the exercise of the powers with which it is invested, and, in the absence of stirring International matters, members of Parliament may profitably employ themselves upon those which bear upon the internal economy and social condition of the community. Politics find no place for discussion in a journal like ours; they come not within our province: the contention of party, the struggles for office, the results of parliamentary "divisions," are all alike objects of perfect indifference to us as journalists; but there are questions in which we have a deep interest,—questions that come legitimately within our province, though they concern the public even more than ourselves, and on which necessity is laid upon us to speak, if we wish to maintain our character as an organ of popular education, though it be only in one especial branch.

Parliament has again met: we hope and believe it will not separate without a searching inquiry into the conduct, management, and practical working of the Art Department at South Kensington: there is abundant reason for such an inquiry, and we do not hesitate to say that the investigation, if fairly and honestly conducted, must have a most beneficial result. It is quite time this was done; and we trust some member—one, it must be, whose knowledge of the subject enables him to speak with authority, and whose influence may gain him the attention of the House—will move for a commission, if there is no other way of entertaining the subject, by whom the matter may be thoroughly sifted to the bottom, for it is not going too far to say that the Department, for any practical good it does, is, in itself, and in all its ramifications, a complete failure, involving the country in a vast annual expenditure, and producing nothing but disappointment, where a positive gain to the intelligence and well-being of the community was reasonably looked for, and might have been effected under different management. Such a parliamentary inquiry as we propose was instituted last session into the management and expenditure of the National Gallery: the investigation, which took place on the motion of Lord Henry Lennox, was made with the best results. His lordship threw out a hint that in the present session he would direct the attention of the legislature to other institutions of a kindred character; we hope to find the Science and Art Department prominent among them.*

That we are not making charges without the means of supporting them, will be seen

* Since the above was written, Mr. Gregory gave notice in the House of Commons, on the part of Lord H. Lennox, that he "would move, on the 26th" (of February), a resolution to the effect—"That this House is of opinion that, for the preparation of any estimates, and for the expenditure of any monies voted in aid of the British Museum, the National Gallery, and all other institutions having for their object the promotion of education, science, or Art, one minister of the Crown should be responsible to this House." The result of this motion we shall anxiously look forward to, though, as our sheets will all be at press before the matter is discussed, we shall be compelled to postpone any comment upon it.

as we proceed: much of our information is derived from the records of the Department itself, much from sources that have, from time to time, been made public through various other channels, and much from our intercourse during many years with those who have had the most favourable opportunity of testing the teachings in Government Schools of Art. There are reasons, to which it is not necessary to allude, why this subject has not been brought forward in our columns at an earlier date; the delay, however, is not without its advantages, as the evidence we are enabled now to bring forward is more conclusive than any which could have been adduced at a former period; lapse of time, while it may have afforded an opportunity for amending a defective system, has only more prominently revealed its errors, which have taken deeper root as the system itself progressed towards maturity. In pointing out these to public notice, and demanding a remedy for them, we feel our task, though self-imposed, is not a pleasant one; and that in all probability we shall incur much obloquy. We must be content, however, to bear whatever consequences may follow, and shall do so cheerfully, if our observations bring about the amelioration which every one interested in the Art-manufactures of the country must earnestly desire.

Have any of our readers, during an absolute famine of light and cheerful literature, chanced to look into a Parliamentary Blue Book, with the view of whiling away an idle hour or two, and at the same time of gaining some positive and practical information on the subject to which it refers? If so, can they honestly affirm that they have succeeded in accomplishing both objects? or shall we not rather be told that though the specified time may have been thus occupied, they have cast the book aside little wiser than when it was taken up? We do not so much mean the published reports of evidence given before committees of the House, on some important national question, but those documents purporting to reveal the working of a great public establishment—vulgar commercial statements of debtor and creditor, of monies received and monies expended, of services performed, and by whom, and how the "estimates" are distributed among the officials of the Department. All these matters are puzzles to the uninitiated, as much so as a problem of Euclid to a country school-girl, or algebraic quantities to the comprehension of a rustic, whose knowledge of numbers just enables him to count the animals in his master's meadow and straw-yard.

It is not, then, the cause of great wonderment to ourselves that, after spending some hours in wading through the portion of the Civil Service Estimates for "Education, Science, and Art," which relates to the South Kensington Museum and Schools, for the year ending 31st of March, 1861, and which was ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, we arose from the study almost as ignorant as when we sat down to it. Our object in undertaking the task, was the hope of arriving at some satisfactory conclusion as to the disposition of the ways and means; we desired to make out something like an intelligible balance-sheet, a simple debtor and creditor account of public grants made to the Department, and where the money went; but the matter is altogether beyond our arithmetical powers, whether from our own stolidity, or the manner in which the accounts have been furnished, we do not presume to say. With the aid, however, of an authorised list of those who hold office at Kensington, some little insight has been obtained by the research, enough to enable us to "fix," as our American cousins say, some

of the expenditure; and this we consider it our duty to report, for the information of our readers.

It appears, then, that the total amount required for the Department for the year 1860-1, terminating in March last, was £60,415, being in excess of the preceding year about £400. This sum was apportioned under the following heads:—

General Management in London	£4,500
Schools of Art and Science in the United Kingdom, Museum, Library, &c.	14,500
Books for Circulating Library of Art to Local Schools	900
Instruments, Books, Medals, &c., for Prizes	2,500
Grants in aid of building Art-Schools at Coventry and Lambeth	1,000
Salaries and Payments in aid to Masters of Schools, certificated Masters, Lecturers, Pupil Teachers, &c.	17,500
For Inspection and Examination	3,100
Travelling Expenses of Inspectors, Masters, &c.	1,850
Photographic Apparatus, Chemicals, &c.	1,500
	42,850
Salaries of Officials at the Museum ...	3,515
Purchases of Educational Apparatus, Products of the Animal Kingdom, Building Materials, Food	700
Preparation and Illustration of Catalogues	300
Labour of Attendants and Artisans during the day and evening time in Museum, &c.	3,350
Police	1,150
Firing, Gas, and providing means of Security against Fire, Ventilating, &c.	2,150
Works and Repairs	650
Fixtures, Fittings, Materials, and Labour, &c.	4,700
Keeping the Grounds in order, Tithe rent-charge	200
Advertisements, Labels, and Printing	850
	£60,415

Of this sum, less than one-third, it will be seen, goes to the support of the Museum, the remainder is absorbed by the Schools of Art and Science. But let us examine the matter a little more in detail.

For the general management in London there is paid to—

Secretary	£1,200
Assistant Secretary	800
Chief Clerk	300
Two First-Class Clerks	400
Three Second-Class Clerks	330
Accountant	330
Bookkeeper	200
Extra Clerkship	200
Four Messengers	300
Incidents, Copying, &c.	350
	£4,500

The second-class clerks and bookkeeper are represented to be paid "by the day," the messengers "by the hour."

On referring to the last "directory" published by the Department, we find the chief of the above offices held by the following gentlemen:—*Secretary*, Henry Cole, C.B.; *Assistant Secretary*, Norman MacLeod; *Chief Clerk*, E. S. Poole; *First Class Clerks*, W. T. Deverell, G. F. Duncombe; and *Accountant*, A. L. Simkins.

Passing over for the present the other items in the general list, we come next to the £3,100 paid for Inspection and Examination: this is accounted for thus:

General Inspector of Art	£710
Five Inspectors of Art, Science, and Navigation (paid two guineas a day when employed)	1,050
Two Examiners (paid by the day) and for occasional Assistance in Examination	400
	£3,100

To this sum must be added the next item of £1,850, for travelling expenses of inspectors, masters, &c., making a total of £4,950 paid last year under this head. The *General Inspector* is Mr. Redgrave, R.A.; *Inspector for Science and Art, Engineer and Architect*, Capt. Fowke, R.E.; *Inspector for Science*, Capt. R. E. Donnelly, R.E.; two *Inspectors of Art*, H. A. Bowler, and R. G. Wyld; *Occasional Inspector of Navigation*, Capt. R. P. Ryder, R.N.

There are two or three matters here which must certainly strike others as they have done us, and the first is that Captain Fowke must be a man of varied attainments, to combine in himself the qualifications necessary for an *Inspector of Science and Art*, and to be at the same time the *Engineer and Architect*. The next is, if Captain Fowke actually fulfils the duties which are assumed to be allotted to him, of what use are the services of Captain Donnelly? Both these gallant officers cannot certainly be doing the same work; and why are they called away from their military posts to perform labours which we think, without disparagement to their abilities, might just as well be performed by civilians. We take it for granted they do not draw pay from the War Office while employed at Kensington, where they undoubtedly are not on "special service" connected with the department of the Horse Guards. There are other questions, too, we shall like to have satisfactorily answered; one has frequently been asked of us—Who are Messrs. Bowler and Wyld, the *Inspectors of Art*? and another is, What are their qualifications for the positions they occupy? We have constantly seen their names in connection with the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the provincial schools of design, but have never heard of them as artists, or in the remotest way allied with Art—except as *inspectors*. It may be presumed that, if called upon, they could exhibit some title to eligibility; but we can confidently say we are in profound ignorance of it, notwithstanding our repeated efforts to discover it. Messrs. Bowler and Wyld are the distributors of medals for "outline drawing," "free-hand drawing," "shading from the round," &c. &c., and it is only right to assume that they know all about these things theoretically and practically, and can not only propound their views of the beauty of ornamental Art, but illustrate them on the "black board." Another *inspector* is, perhaps, to us the greatest puzzle of all, and he is the *Inspector of Navigation*; what such an official has to do with the South Kensington Museum we cannot for the life of us understand. Is it intended to make it a training school for our young sailors? is there to be a model frigate like that at the Naval School at Greenwich? and are the boys to practice evolutions on the ornamental basins in the Horticultural Gardens, or, possibly, on a grander scale on the Serpentine? We can understand an *Inspector of Navigation* at Portsmouth, or any place on our sea-board, but what his duties can be where Captain Ryder hoists his flag is, as we have said, a puzzle to us.

The principal officers in the Museum are classified thus:—

Deputy Superintendent	£330
Three Superintendents of Collections, Art, Architectural Casts and Library, Food, and Education, paid Two Guineas a day when employed	1,100
Keeper of Collections of Education, &c.	360
Three Assistant Keepers	675
Three Clerks, paid by the day	230
One Housekeeper, paid by the day	230

* In a note appended to the parliamentary documents it is said, "This officer has hitherto been charged under Inspector;" the salary is £600.

The *Deputy Superintendent* is P. C. Owen; of the three *superintendents* one only is named in the "directory," Dr. Lankester. Then there is a *Keeper of the Art Collections and of the Art Library*, J. C. Robinson; an *Assistant Keeper* of the same, R. H. S. Smith; a *Clerk of the Art Library*, R. Laskey; and a *Clerk of the Travelling Museum*, C. B. Worsnop. The salaries of these gentlemen do not appear in the "estimates." Mr. George Wallis, one of the most efficient teachers that ever filled the post of master in our Schools of Design, and who was for a long time at Birmingham, and afterwards at Manchester, appears now as *Agent for the Sale of Photographs*; with qualifications that better fit him to be placed at the head of the entire Art Department at Kensington. His sound practical knowledge, his judgment, and business habits, deserve to be recognised in a far different way than they now seem to be. The *Keeper of the Educational Animal Products and Food Collections* is R. A. Thompson.

The sum of £14,500, which appears under the head of "Examples, Diagrams of Science and Art, Objects of Art, Books, &c., granted and circulated to Local Schools, and exhibited in the Art Museum," &c. &c., seems enormous; so also does that of £2,500, for prizes: it is difficult to understand how so large an expenditure can be made in a single year, if we bear in mind how comparatively unimportant have been the additions made to the Museum within this period. In the preceding year, moreover, the same amounts appear in the estimates. The charges for Lighting, Warming, &c., are £2,150, and for Fixtures, Fittings, &c., £4,700. We should like to ascertain whether these works are done by contract with tradesmen, or by persons employed by the architect and engineer; and, if by the latter, whether the materials are furnished by contract or by purchases made at discretion. The whole matter is a public one, and the public cannot rest satisfied with a categorical reply to our questions. We have heard incidentally of £350 having been recently paid for a small lodge of some kind or other; a sum sufficient to build a respectable six-room house; and of a tunnel made at considerable expense, between the Museum and the new International Exhibition building—if we are not mistaken—for the private use of the principal officials.

There are throughout the United Kingdom and Ireland about ninety Schools of Design: the amount of fees paid by pupils during the year 1860-61, was £17,221, exclusive of three or four, including the school at Birmingham, from which no return was received. If to this sum be added the £17,500, paid by government to masters, certificated masters, lecturers, pupil teachers, and others, it will give a gross total of £34,721, or an average of about £385 paid for the support of each school. How many "ha'porths of bread" are there to all this "sack?"

The estimates voted in the year 1859-60 reached almost as much as those of last year, namely, £60,025; of which £4,235 was assigned to the *General Management*, £14,500, to *Examples, Diagrams, &c.*, £2,500 for *Prizes*, £16,000 for *Salaries and Payments in aid of Masters, &c.*, £2,500 under the head of *Inspection and Examination*—£500 less than last year—£2,000 for *Travelling Expenses*, £2,815 for *Salaries to the Officers of the Museum*—£700 less than last year—£2,200 for *Lighting, &c.*, and £4,700 for *Fixtures, Fittings, &c.* It would be an easy matter, if we had the parliamentary papers at hand, which we do not happen to have just now, to calculate the cost of this establishment to the country since the foundation of the School of Design at Somerset House, about twenty-

five years ago; but we shall not be above the mark, we conscientiously think, at setting it down as approaching one million sterling, independent of what has been expended in the Museum out of the proceeds of the 1851 International Exhibition. And again we ask, what has the country received as an equivalent, beyond the Museum?—an excellent one, it is allowed, in every respect; but how small has been the cost of this acquisition, in comparison with that of the sister establishment.

Our readers, we trust, will bear with us in the dry statistical statement we are placing before them. We are dealing with facts and figures in combination, and however useful these may be, and we hope will be, in furthering our object, which is to direct public attention to the evils of the South Kensington management, with the view to amendment, we cannot but be sensible of the uninteresting nature of what is here set forth.

Prior to the year 1854, the Department of Science and Art was under the management of two secretaries at equal salaries, Dr. Lyon Playfair presiding over the former, and Mr. Henry Cole over the latter. In addition to their duties as secretaries, these gentlemen also discharged the office of *Inspectors of Schools*, visiting and reporting on the institutions in connection with the Department in various parts of the kingdom. But as the duties of inspector and secretary united in the same person were alleged to have been found inconvenient, an alteration was effected in the above year; the offices of the two secretaries were united in one individual, Dr. Playfair, and Mr. Cole became inspector-general. The salaries, we believe, remained as they were. In 1856, the Department, by an order in Council, was transferred from the Board of Trade to that of Education. Dr. Playfair's connection with the Kensington institution ceased not very long after this, under circumstances, as they have been related to us, not the most creditable to some with whom he had held office. Mr. Cole became secretary-general, with a considerable augmentation of salary,—why or wherefore it should have been so, none can reasonably imagine,—and Mr. Redgrave was installed inspector-general of Art. Dr. Playfair's vacant post has never been filled up; the duties, so far as we can understand the "directory," being added to Captain Fowke's multifarious occupations.

It has always appeared to us a strange misappropriation of offices, that in a national institution the avowed object of which is to teach Art, Mr. Redgrave, acknowledged to be an artist of very considerable talent, and one whose theoretical knowledge of ornamentation we know to be sound, should be placed in a subordinate position to Mr. Cole, of whom the world knew nothing and heard nothing, till he emerged from the dim twilight of a room in the Record Office, and was, luckily for himself, installed first at Marlborough House, and then at Kensington. But stay—we do him injustice; something had been heard of him as Felix Summerley, and seen of him in his remarkable designs for Art-manufactures. Whether these last entitle him to be placed over the head of the Royal Academician, Mr. Redgrave, we leave the public who have some knowledge of such matters to judge. But of one thing we are quite certain, that since the government Schools of Design have been placed under their present management, they have become almost practically useless, as we shall endeavour to show in a future paper. For the present we are content to challenge any manufacturer throughout the country, to produce three men, pupils of the School of Design, whose services as designers have been permanently available in his establishment, and really of value to it. If this challenge

cannot be answered, to what purpose is the costly machinery of officials kept up at Kensington? what have so many hundreds of thousands of pounds out of the public purse been expended for? and is it not high time for a parliamentary inquiry into so unprofitable a system as is there at work?

Year after year it has been our duty to record the annual meetings which take place in the various towns where Schools of Design are established. On these occasions noblemen and members of the House of Commons, or other gentlemen of influence and station, are seen presiding or supporting the chairman; complimentary speeches are made, drawings examined and approved of by people who know as much of Art as they do of the occult sciences; medals and prizes are awarded, and the proceedings are wound up with a grand flourish about the success of the institution and the progress of the pupils. All this cannot blind us to what we know to be the truth, and what others know as well as ourselves, namely, that manufacturers who want the aid of Art schools, these institutions do not and cannot give them. How can they, as at present conducted? Take one, for example, which has just come under our notice—that at Brighton; though this is not a manufacturing town, yet from its large population and high respectability, a place where such an institution, if properly conducted, should be doing well.

The Brighton school has been established four years only: by the last annual report, issued in January, it seems that more than 1,700 pupils, of all grades, were under instruction last year. These are classified as follows:—

At the National, and other similar Public Schools (including 40 at Chichester) ...	810
Day Classes:—	
Gentlemen's	11
Ladies'	36
Evening Classes:—	
Artisans, &c.	102
Schoolmasters and male Pupil Teachers	6
Schoolmistresses and female ditto	43
	1,008

The remaining 700 consist of private pupils, and of students of training colleges and schools. But though the artisan class is stated to be 102, the analysis of trades does not reach one half, and among these are several clerks and assistants in shops.

Now how is it possible for any master, however talented and ingenious, to teach, with the least chance of success, upwards of 1,700 scholars, even with such help as he may receive from assistants? But the fact is, the fees derived from the ordinary pupils, in almost every one of these schools, are insufficient for the due and proper maintenance of the master, and he is compelled to resort to other sources to increase his income. Nothing else can reasonably be expected, under the circumstances; but if the school—and we are not speaking only of that at Brighton—were better supported by the inhabitants of the town it is meant to benefit, the master need not look out of it for what is essential to his well-doing. Would any one believe that, in this fashionable and wealthy place, the subscriptions of the inhabitants towards the school last year amounted to £38 13s. 6d.? If this be their estimate of its value, it must be low indeed; and what a text is hereby supplied for comment.

The Kensington Department seeks to make the provincial and metropolitan district schools self-supporting, and generally refuses aid, except for rental; and yet the large sum of £17,500 appears in last year's estimates for salaries and payments to masters and others. Theory and practice are not identical here.

It is not pleasant to have our dreams of progress and prosperity broken in upon—to have our bright illusions obscured by some hideous intervening power, or scattered to the winds by some rude and withering blast: it is not satisfactory to know while we are apparently sailing in safety over a quiet surface of water and under a soft smiling sky, that we are actually drifting towards shoals and quicksands: it is sad to be told that disease, though all cannot detect it, is "feeding on the damask cheek:" and yet these are the conditions in which the great "Art Department of the United Kingdom" now is. Facts and figures are stubborn things, and until we see some explanation or refutation of the statements here brought forward, we must hold to our opinion. But the subject is not yet exhausted: we shall find occasion hereafter, as we have already intimated, to recur to it, by examining some of the causes which have operated to render the provincial schools what they are seen and felt to be.

ON THE DIVINE AND HUMAN IN PORTRAITURE.*

WE desire not further to illustrate the interesting portion of our subject, which appeared in the preceding paper, in reference to a by-gone period, our object being rather to call attention to a store of Art worthy of British imitation, than dogmatically to tether genius to any pasturage. Yet it would be a pleasing retrospection in us, wedded as we are to mind's expression in portraiture, to find, when these well-meant monitions may have met the eye of youth—too frequently floundering in their own inaptitude of expression—that the little trouble which this passing sketch may have cost us, has been rewarded by the relinquishment, in too many of the compositions of modern men in sacred subjects, of attitude for grace, mannerism for expression, the theatre for nature, and mere outline for the anatomy and symmetry of humanity. The cost to abolish the practice might be great, but the feeling that it would engender would be paramount.

Of human portraiture we shall confine our remarks to such subjects as may, from their expression, come within the scope of our notice, as especially recommended by their fidelity. Such we conceive, in the first place, to be Annibale Carracci's 'Three Marias at the Tomb,' in the possession of Lord Carlisle; Rubens' 'Portraits of Himself and Family in the Garden;' the same painter's portrait of his wife at the foot of the cross, in his well-known master-piece, 'The Descent from the Cross,' at Antwerp; those of Gerard Douw,† and Rembrandt, by themselves, in our National Gallery; together with a few others with which the public are doubtless intimately acquainted.

Of the 'Marias at the Tomb,' its highest praise is to say that common consent at once binds it to one's heart, and places it upon the highest pinnacle of distinction. In this harrowing scene of mortal woe, we have no striving after effect, no exaggeration of contortion, no forced colouring to attract it; but the simple, sad, unsophisticated depth in the expression of a mother's swooning in

agony of grief over the dead body of her son, with the wailing of woe in a variety of forms, binding captive, as it were, the very life's blood of humanity, with the stricken Saviour in a divine repose—only requiring to be seen to be appreciated. Were but this gem made the touchstone of modern Art, then we should at once say that the living and the dead, in expression, might yet fraternise.

Of the 'Descent from the Cross,' of Rubens, we scrupulously confess that we are somewhat disappointed in our expectations of its expression.* The scene, though wonderful to behold, and grouped in an avalanche of light, contrasting finely with the rich harmony of colouring reflected upon the pale body of the departed, as though enshrouded in that glorious light about to attend it to its last resting place,—though equal to the finest compositions of the Carracci—appears to us to be somewhat wanting in that pathetic expression of portraiture so pre-eminently characterising the picture of his great predecessor just referred to; the agony of the Mother especially, in the portrait of the painter's wife, at the foot of the cross, partaking more of the insipid expression of West's group at 'The Crucifixion,' though incomparably beyond it in dignity. Like the latter, we have the "suits of woe" abundantly, but we miss the devotion. But in the great Flemish master's 'Wife, Himself, and Family in the Garden,'—known only to a few in this country, by Earlom's fine engraving in mezzotint of it,—there is a grace abounding in the whole composition the most chaste, the most winning, the most captivating, and the most refined, unsurpassed in this or any other nation's treasures. Truly, in looking upon this brilliant emanation of Art, it may be said of Helen Forman—

"Ha! she comes;
There's music in her motion. All the air
Dances around her. There is a foot
So light and delicate, that it should tread
Only on flowers, which, amorous of its touch,
Should sigh their souls out, proud of such sweet death.
So glides upon the clouds the queen of love!
So sovereign Juno won the heart of Jove!"

After this favourable rhapsody to the fair, it is but doing justice to the Arts to pass in review a few specimens of our own painters, whose pencils have so truthfully depicted weal or woe, as they may have run their races, diversified, as they doubtless were, with gusts of passion—thorns, fruits, sweets or bitters ever springing up and perishing in the arena of this life's chequered pilgrimage. Shall we venture to say that Hogarth, of the illustrious band of brothers, stands out in unrivalled relief as the master mind of this world's great moral reformatory? If this great painter, as it is sometimes instanced to his detractor, somewhat failed in the holier sense of Art, he yet depicted, let us bear in mind, the passions and amenities of social life, with a vigour and depth of feeling worthy of the renown of the greatest philosophers. If divinity had failed, in an age of indecorum, to put down vice, his was the art so to paint the latter in its true colours, that even fashion paled at its own hideousness. If bribery or corruption tainted the scene, his was the flail to scatter the chaff with a force of derision that no scourge could accomplish. If idleness suborned industry, his was the finger to point the way to honour and wealth, or to hold up to view, with an unerring hand, the sure end of the terrible realities of mischief. If cruelty prevailed, his was the lash of the ready reckoner, to balance its own injury. If drink brutalised the scene, his was the glass

* Continued from page 48.
† Surely there must be some unaccountable error here, in cataloguing this picture as a portrait of Gerard Douw. Should it not rather be called a portrait, by Gerard Douw, of his friend, Isaac Van Ostade, who is known to have designed some of the former's pictures, one of which, 'The Young Housewife,' cleaning a panikin, with a bird-cage and an overturned tankard in the foreground, decorating a window, and the other, a portrait of 'A Few Rabbits,' both exquisitely pencilled, are now in our possession?

[* It is necessary we should guard ourselves against participating in all the opinions expressed by the writer in these papers—opinions, in some instances, obviously opposed to our own. We, however, leave him free liberty of speech.—ED. A.-J.]

so to reflect its loathsomeness to humanity, that even vice itself trembled. But if truth prevailed—where a wise toleration of humour permitted a little whispering to one another, that poor human nature had sometimes its perils and adversities—there is a rich vein of humour pervading all the holes and crannies, called his imperfections, in his broad pieces, scattered around us like nuggets in a wilderness, appealing so trumpet-tongued to our feelings and criticism, as well as to his renown, that at once, in reminding us that we are but men, involuntarily weds us to the family of his 'Laughing Audience,' in a helpless captivation of charity to all men, amid the sighs and the moans of a more passionless, though perhaps, after all, in the severity of ascetics, not a happier people, comprehended in the subjects of other artists.

Of domestic life, in portraiture, we speak with a feeling naturally allied to its amenities; and in no sense do we see this native economy of the mind and the heart so truly and elaborately carried out as in Wilkie's familiar compositions; though we plead to a leaning in our hours of idleness, to the broader humour of the Ostades, Jan Steen, Teniers, Brauwer, as well as to the quiet and matchless interiors of Gerard Douw, Mieris, and others, too numerous to mention.

In the first place, the artist that could take a week, as Gerard Douw is said to have done, to paint a broomstick no bigger than a bodkin, one would be disposed to think somewhat worthy of a competitive joust with those giants of the brush, Zeuxis and Parrhasius: the former, as the story goes, having painted a bunch of grapes so naturally that birds pecked at them; and the latter, a curtain so exquisitely as successfully to deceive his competitor—the one getting the praise for deceiving the most provokingly good judges of currants and gooseberries, and the other the prize for deceiving, perhaps, an indifferent judge of upholstery.

Notwithstanding this boast about the ancients, we have no hesitation in holding up our hands, in the absence of their pictures—in spite of Pliny's guarantee for their existence—for a first-class piece of buckram to the *manes* of our Dutch friend's interior of himself in his study, decorating, we believe, a niche at Lord Ellesmere's, as an equally marvellous achievement; together with his pots, kettles, pokers, tongs, shovels, brass fittings, coats of mail,—with sundry good-humoured looking housewives, doubtless equally as susceptible of as high a polish.

And in passing in review the exuberant fancies of Jan Steen, Ostade, or Teniers, we are free to confess, that, even at threescore and five, we uncontrollably fall into their humour with a hop, skip, and a jump—high and low—now here, now there—up and down—first this side, next that—romping here, saluting there—swaying this side, tripping up that—buffeting, biting, pinching and screeching, amidst toppers and tapsters, flagons and pipes, rolled as it were centripetally into one, as though we were bitten by a Tarantula; though Teniers, it must be admitted, speculated at times in his St. Anthony's, in fancies of a much more tender complexion; and that Jan Steen has left behind him, in his 'Dutch School,' evidence of his genius, in an imperishable gem—formerly in the possession of Lord Camden—not since equalled in lustre.

Of Wilkie it would be invidious to say that he had not kept a fair pace, in his interiors, with these redoubtable yet happy-minded masters. His 'Village Politicians,' purchased, as the first popular picture of his case, by the late Lord Mansfield; his 'Village Festival,' and his 'Blind Fiddler,' in our national collection, still hold their ground in

public estimation, with the best of the Dutch school in expression, though neither so carefully nor transparently painted. Of his 'Reading of the Will,'—originally, we believe, purchased by the King of Sardinia, or other foreign potentate, for 1,000 guineas—we can speak, from bitter experience, of its unequalled and painful fidelity: the very stick, and stiff silk gown, of the old lady seeming to keep pace in our remembrance, in their knocking and rustling, with her consequential and bustling importance, amid the grouping, in general indicative of that over-confident expectation, usually ending in bitter disappointment, if not irretrievable disaster. And of his 'Preaching of John Knox,' though we execrate the gnashing of teeth, and fiend-like raking claws of the preacher that would make mortal man the "judge over Israel," we cannot but, in lamenting the occasion of such a vivid exhibition of bad feeling, deplore the bitter spirit that could dole out to erring man even those cold crumbs of Presbyterian comfort peculiar to the fanaticism of the period, invidiously selected, as it were, from the treasury of our Divine Redeemer, by a frantic enthusiast for political purposes.

Of landscape portraiture we have little to say, but of its uses in giving that effect to distances in pictures, ever, as the poet says, lending that "enchantment to the view" beautifully depicted by the Caraccis, Rubens, Claude, Poussin, Hobbins, Ruysdael, Wilson, and a few others, now and then to be met with in the best collections.

Of the importance of figures in landscapes, we must confess that we were much struck, for the first time lately, on entering the Turner Gallery in our national collection, to notice, after somewhat luxuriating on the deep-toned, mellow, sparkling, and transparent colours of the Rubens, the Claudes, the Poussins, and many others in the other rooms of the National Gallery, that our sight was as completely embarrassed with the white tone pervading the collection, as though we had debouched upon a region of snow, with a lurid sun lighting up its quarries, here and there picked out with a marvellous ingenuity of primitive colouring, which, had it been as properly toned down and applied as Claude had been successfully imitated in most of the pictures, would have gone very far to win us over to Mr. Ruskin's appreciation of this remarkable, eccentric, yet at times captivating artist. In illustration of our great objection to Turner, we will take for example his master-piece, 'The Building of Carthage'—rather invidiously hung by the side of the 'St. Ursula,' Claude, in the next room—and at once say that its figures in the foreground are palpably out of keeping with other objects in the same point of perspective. Now we cannot, for the life of us, appreciate that analogous association of ideas, giving gigantic proportions to the dexter over the sinister side of a picture, reminding one in its measure of architecture, contrasted with the figures, of the Liliput doll-house and Glumdalclitch. Neither can we possibly approve of that oleaginous haziness of aerial perspective, or disposition of light and shade, so truthfully apparent in its neighbour, as to make one wish that the latter had not existed, as an example, for the former's chance in its imitation of eclipsing so brilliant and beautiful a picture.

Having captivated the many, through the brilliancy of his pen in "Modern Painters," into a conviction of the unrivalled excellence of Turner's productions, Mr. Ruskin, with a bitter asperity common to cramped minds and successful authorship, denounces all other imitations of nature, by the world's most esteemed ancient artists, but as mere storms in puddles, with trees like broomsticks. Let us examine awhile this critical acumen,

perilling the reputation of our household gods, and see how far this gentleman's discriminative genius for the sublime and beautiful in modern Art is borne out, in the test of his *protégé's* pretensions.

Turner, it is unquestionably admitted, had great powers of imitation: ever uniting the characteristics of Claude, Vernet, and Canaletto, with the coarser materials of his nature, without ever realising in oils a truthful and natural landscape. Let us recur, for example, again, to what is called his master-piece, 'The Building of Carthage,' so modestly bequeathed to the nation, with a view, as we have said, of eclipsing our Claudes—still outshining it, though much impaired, in their charming and beautiful lustres. Why, the image of the building of any mundane city this picture cannot be; for there are neither ladders, nor picks, nor pulleys, nor wedges, nor axes, nor workmen, nor cattle, nor scaffolds—beyond a few loose sticks and stones, with here and there a puddle and paper boat about it—denoting the bustle of such an occasion; but the representation of a passive combination of the form and features of other climes than Carthage, wedged into European expression through a vista of false chiaro-oscuro, to give the world assurance that it is otherwise than a vision of that city of the dead, whose glory expired in its ashes. Wherein, let us ask ourselves, do we see in this example of Turner—as in any noted Claude—that sparkling sunshine jutting through the trees, as it seems to rebound from their graceful inflections, animating the scene and making life lovely, as it leaps like an angel of light from molehill to mountain, gilding turret and dome, trees, temples, bridges and ruins, with that transparent and beautiful hue alone constituting the spark of nature? Yet it may be truly said of this great man, that with "all his faults, we love him still;" for there is a genius left to us in all his coloured drawings that will ever find in the bosom of Art its best resting-place.

In taking our leave of the Turner collection, we make our bow—with a sigh to the memory of its founder—at an exquisite example of expression, approaching the Divine in the original, known as the 'Madonna' of Tasso Ferrato, in our National Gallery. The same error appears to exist in relation to the naming of this picture, both at Lord Ellesmere's and, we think, at Windsor, or Hampton Court. For two centuries this gem of Art has been known and appreciated on the Continent as the 'Madonna,' by Guido, engraved by De Poilly;* and it is not to our credit that so grievous an error as a misnomer in so important a picture should still be permitted to pass unnoticed, to the disadvantage of the latter great artist; since its beauty idealises, at the least in our poor estimation, an expression so in consonance with our more exalted feelings on sacred subjects as almost to amount to idolatry.

* What immediately brought us acquainted with this fact, arose out of the following circumstance:—About four years since, on looking over some loose rolls of canvas, we stumbled upon one overlaid with a choice engraving of this subject, by De Poilly, and wishing to transfer it to our portfolio, carefully effected our object, and to our agreeable surprise found underneath the print a beautiful picture, in a composition of colours we did not then understand, by Raphael, as we have since ascertained, representing Mercury, as the messenger of hell, conducting the shades of the wicked to Pluto; doubtless cut from the margin of one of this artist's great pictures, and thus smuggled into England; and which, in our weakness, we were induced to entrust for a trifling repair to a young picture-dealer and printseller, to get corrected. Having applied to this plausible gentleman for some months for its restoration, getting at times an apology for the delay of its repairs, we at length demanded the picture, and to our mortification, got a note from the unfortunate youth entrusted with it, saying how sorry he was that he had delayed telling me before, that his man had lost it on his way to the repairer's the very evening of the day he had received it of me for the above-stated purpose. Ver. Sap.





THE VISITATION
FROM "THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS."



THE PRESENTATION.
FROM "THE DESCENT FROM THE CROSS."



ELIAS.

FROM "THE CRUCIFIXION."



ST. CATHERINE.

FROM "THE CRUCIFIXION."



SIR PETER PAUL RUBENS.

CHAP. III.—IN ENGLAND.

BEFORE proceeding to speak of some—for they are so numerous that it would be impossible, in our limited space, to include all—of the pictures by Rubens which are in this country, it may not prove uninteresting to preface our remarks with a brief account of his mission to England. Considerable light has recently been thrown on the subject by Mr. Sainsbury's published volume of original papers and documents relative to Rubens as an artist and diplomatist, existing in the State Paper Office.

In 1627, Charles I. declared war against France; and Rubens, who had been held in great esteem by the Archduke Albert, and after his death by his widow, the Infanta of Spain, was entrusted by the latter with some negotiations with Gerbier, Charles's agent at the Hague. In the autumn of the same year, Rubens was despatched to Madrid, where he executed several fine pictures, and remained till 1629, when he left Spain, being accredited by the Infanta on a mission to England. Mr. Sainsbury says, "the nature of his employment is clearly shown. He was not an ambassador" (as has frequently been alleged) "from Philip IV., with power to negotiate a peace between England and Spain, but ambassador from the Archduchess Isabella, to sound King Charles, ascertain his views, and pave the way for a peace, 'the chief subject of whose employment was his Proposition of a Suspension of Arms.'" Rubens left Spain on the 27th of April, 1629, arrived at Paris on May 12th; thence went to Brussels, stayed a few days at Antwerp, and then proceeded to Dunkirk in order to embark for England. The artist, however, seems to have been under some apprehension of falling into the hands of the Philistines, who, in his case, were Dutchmen: this we learn from the following curious letter, found among the state papers:—

Hugh Ross* to [William Boswell]? (Extract.)
Dunquerque, May 18, 1629.

Ryght Worschipfull and Noble Sir:

Pleis Monsieur Reubines is heir at Dunquerque and attendis for ane schip of sum force to bring him from hence to England, for his order is not to hazard his commission nor his messives except that it be in ane schip of England, for he is mychtille affrayit of the Hollanderis, and except ane schip cum to resave him heir he is of intention to retoune abak, he only dois expect heir for ane resolut anseuer. Withe the first fair wind the schip may cum befor Dunquerque or to the fort and send yeur boit aschoir and I will bring Monsieur Reubines aboard of the schip. Your honour sall receive the incloisit and delyver the ansr. theirof to my servant Oliver Ross, who will sendit saiffly to my handis, expecting to heir when the schip shalbe heir that I may gif hir attendance.

Your honouris most humble

And affectionat serviteur,
HUGH ROSS of Ballamouchy.

Rubens reached London about the end of May, but whether or not under safe convoy of the British flag, has not been quite clearly ascertained. On the 23rd of September he visited Cambridge in the company of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, when the honorary degree of Master of Arts was conferred on him and several other distinguished foreigners; and on the 21st of February, 1630, he was knighted by Charles, as appears by a document in the State Paper Office; the monarch presenting him "with the sword enriched with diamonds, which was used on the occasion, adding to the arms of the new knight on a Canton *gules*, a lion or."

Leaving him to pursue his diplomatic mission, we pass on to notice matters more especially within our province. Biographers and other writers, among whom is Mr. Sainsbury, state that Rubens, when in England, painted several pictures: this can scarcely be correct, seeing he returned to Antwerp in about ten months from his arrival here, and that his time was much occupied with his official duties and in visiting.

* Hugh Ross was a Scotchman, employed in Flanders by Charles I. for the general release of his Majesty's subjects who were prisoners in the King of Spain's dominions.

There is no record, so far as we have been able to ascertain, of any paintings actually executed in this country—though he doubtless received numerous commissions—except the 'Peace and War,' now in the National Gallery; this allegorical picture was a present from the artist to Charles, and was probably intended to have reference to the object of his journey here. After the death of the monarch, in whose time it was valued at one hundred pounds, it passed into the hands of the noble Genoese family of Doria, where it was called the 'Family of Rubens,' and from whose descendants it was purchased, at the commencement of the present century, by Mr. Irvine, for eleven hundred pounds; shortly afterwards it became the property of Mr. Buchanan, the well-known picture dealer, who sold it almost immediately, in 1802, to the then Marquis of Stafford, by whom it was presented, in 1827, to the National Gallery. Rubens's object in this composition was to show the blessings of peace, as protected by Wisdom and Valour; Peace being represented by a woman with a child at her breast, and a satyr scattering fruit around them from his cornucopia, other women and some children are grouped with them: the heads of these figures are very finely painted, though there is in them a certain coarseness of expression. The opposite group shows Minerva driving away Mars and the Furies; it is powerful in design and action, but is not so carefully painted. While speaking of the pictures by this master in the same collection, mention may be made of his 'Rape of the Sabines,' a bold and animated composition, in which Rubens has indulged in a display of muscular development such as Michel Angelo shows in his 'Last Judgment'; 'St. Bavon relieving the Poor' is a more agreeable and refined work; 'The Brazen Serpent' is worthy of note for its expressive character and rich colouring; the 'Judgment of Paris' possesses similar qualities of excellence, united with much poetical feeling. The copy, with some alterations, of Mantegna's 'Triumph of Julius Caesar,' bequeathed by Mr. Samuel Rogers to the nation, with the study for the allegory of 'War' in the Pitti palace at Florence, is a fine example of Rubens's dramatic composition: his 'ardent imagination,' it has been observed, "could not be restrained within the limits of the original," and so he changed Mantegna's peaceful animals into beasts of prey, ready to tear each other.

But his greatest work in England is the ceiling of the banqueting-room in Whitehall, a commission from Charles, and of which the sketches were made when Rubens was in London, though some correspondence on the subject had taken place nearly ten years earlier, as appears by a letter from the artist to W. Trumbull, the king's agent at Brussels, dated Antwerp, Sept. 3, 1621: Mr. Sainsbury has given the letter at length both in French and English: the original is in the former language. An extract from the translation shows Rubens's opinion of his own powers, and is interesting from its reference to the work in question. He says, "As to his Majesty and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, I shall always be very pleased to receive the honour of their commands; and with respect to the *Hall in the New Palace*, I confess myself to be, by a natural instinct, better fitted to execute works of the largest size rather than little curiosities. Everyone according to his gifts. My endowments are of such a nature that I have never wanted courage to undertake any design, however vast in size or diversified in subject." Certainly, diffidence was not one of the great Fleming's attributes.

The pictures were completed early in 1634; Rubens was to receive three thousand pounds for them, but the money was not forthcoming, and, it may be presumed, the artist was unwilling to part with them before payment. The truth is, the royal exchequer was low, the king's credit abroad suffered accordingly, and no arrangements were made for the transmission of the works. At length Charles's ambassador at Brussels, Sir Balthazar Gerbier, was compelled to bring the matter before his Majesty, which he did in the following not very gratifying letter:—

Brussels, August 1st, 1634.

May it please yr. Majty.

Being an infallible truth, I may not, will, nor

dare not willingly displease yr. Majty. Without scruple may I then relate what malicious tongues or ignorant spirits utter seeing the great works Sr. Peter Rubens hath made for yr. Majty. Banqueting house, lye here, as if for want of money. Spaniards, French, and other nations talke of it, the more it's said the matter to reach but to 3 or 4 thousand pounds. Having nae other interest in this then yr. Majty. honr., I remaine confident what noted wilbe taken as yr. duty of

Yr. Majty. &c.,
B. GERBIER.

Another year, or nearly so, passed away before any measures were employed to get the pictures over; they had been rolled up, and as a consequence, had become cracked, so that Rubens "resolved to overpaint the said pieces at his own house." It became necessary to "retouch and mend the cracks," and "he feared that, when he had passed into England, he might be taken with the gout, which had only lately confined him to his bed for a whole month, and would prevent him from placing the pictures, and retouching them if necessary." Still further delay occurred from a difficulty in getting them passed "free of license." In September, 1635, Gerbier writes to Rubens,—the letter is a translation from the French,—

Sir,

I have received a letter from the Chevalier Windebank, his Majesty's Secretary of State, in which I am again commanded to use despatch in sending off the pictures which you have painted for the Great Hall. You have not yet informed me whether the said pictures are in a fit state to be sent away. Your last letters say that there was still much work to be done in retouching and mending the cracks, which had been caused through their having been rolled up almost a whole year; and further say you wished to finish them in such a manner that it would not be necessary to retouch them in England, where you said you purposed going (your health permitting) to have them placed, agreeable to his Majesty's pleasure. This is, therefore, to beg of you to tell me when your said pictures will be in a fit state to be packed up, so that I may do justice to the orders which have been given to me, and do justice to myself also; that I may sleep in repose without worrying too much, if heavy gales should blow, although their utmost rage could never reach me, nor even those who bring forward this proverb, saying, These are the worst tidings that I can say, although the best for myself; wishing, like the Emperor who desired to live in a house of glass, that all the world could read my heart, I divert you too long from your attractive occupations, so will conclude, and remain, &c. &c.

In about a month from this time the pictures were packed and on their way to England, as appears from the following letter from Lionel Wake, an English merchant trading in Antwerp, to Sir F. Windebank; Wake was employed by Rubens to transmit them:—

Antwerp, October 3rd, 1635.

Right Honorable:

Upon Saturday last (28th September), in the afternoon, Sr. Peter Rubens delivered unto me the case of Pictures for his Majesty. the web. I have sent to Dnykerk, by wagon, and I doubt not but, by this time it is there arrived, and will be sent from thence by the first shipp that goeth to London: and I gave order that it should be sent unto Mr. Willm. Cokayn, merchant, to the end that he maye give yr. honor notice of the arrivall of it; that then you maye send for it and present it to his Magty. I caused it to be packt, in the presence of Monsieur Rubbens (sic) in the best manner we could; so I doubt not but it will com well conditioned. Monsieur Rubbens intended to have sent one of perpose alonge wth. the Case, and I gave him a lere (letter) to our factor at Dnykerk, to assist him in taking his passage to goe along wth. the Case, but he sent me words that the party was fallen syck, and so made some doubt whether he could goe or not. When I have the note of the charges, web. is payde out at Dnykerk, I will send yr. honor the particulars of what I have layde out in all: and so I humbly take my leave, ever resting

Yr. honours most humble Servant,
LYONNELL WAKE.

In order to complete the history of these pictures as a financial transaction, we append two documents from Mr. Sainsbury's book, the one a receipt for the balance due to the artist;

the other, a receipt for a present made him by Charles:—

Recd. y^e 4th of June A^o. 1638, of y^e hobble Endymion Porter, Esq., y^e some of three hundred and thirty pounds sterling, in full paimt and discharge of three thousand pounds, due by his Ma^{ty} unto S^r. Peter Paul Rubens, knight, for pictures w^{ch} his said Ma^{ty} bought of him, long since; of y^e w^{ch} some of M. M. M. li. and of every parte and parcell thereof, I doe hereby acknowledge satisfaction, & I doe hereby cleere acquite his said Ma^{ty}, and y^e said Mr. Porter of y^e same, by virtue of a letter of Attorney from y^e said Rubens. In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, y^e daie and yeare abovesaid, I saie recd.

LYONELL WAKE, Junior.

Witness hereunto

PR. STEPHEN LE YOUGHIE.
RICHARD HARVEY.

Received the 24 March 1638 (1638-9) of his Ma^{ty}, by the hands of Endymion Porter, esquier, one cheane of gould, waying lower skore and two oz. 2^o wayt, for the use of S^r. Peter Paul Rubens; the w^{ch} his Ma^{ty} doth bestow upon him; and I aune to convey itt unto him wth all convenient speede. In Witness heereof I have hereunto set my hand.

LYONELL WAKE.

This chaine was delivered at y^e office of y^e juell-house to weigh 82½ ounces.

We have extracted somewhat at length from Mr. Sainsbury's book, because the matter referred to is one of especial interest in itself, and because the correspondence shows in what way Art-transactions were carried on at the period referred to: both patrons and painters manage things better now.

The Whitehall paintings are nine in number, the ceiling being divided into as many compartments, of which the central one is largest and is oval-shaped, the subject of this picture is the 'Apotheosis of James I.' at each end of it respectively is a representation of somewhat similar character: at the two ends are four allegorical subjects, and the two long sides are ornamented with friezes of young genii loading cars, drawn by lions, bears, and other animals, with corn and fruit, emblematical of Plenty: the colossal proportions of these designs may be estimated from the fact, that the genii measure nine feet in length. As pictures they possess little intrinsic worth beyond a boldness and luxuriance of conception, such as we find in almost all the works of Rubens; and it is more than probable that he had little more to do with them than to give his pupils the designs, leaving the execution of the works to them.

Dr. Waagen, in his "Art-Treasures in Great Britain," describes nearly one hundred and fifty pictures, assumed to be by Rubens, which are in this country; and in his supplement to that work, published three years later, in 1857, he speaks of very many more, probably fifty or sixty. The largest number in any single gallery is at Blenheim, which contains twenty: Windsor Castle and the National Gallery come next, each with eleven; the Grosvenor Gallery has eight, and Buckingham Palace seven. The remainder are dispersed in different collections over the country.

The "Blenheim" pictures by Rubens are, perhaps, unsurpassed as a whole by any collection in Europe. They include subjects from sacred and mythological history, and several noble portraits. 'The Return of the Holy Family from Egypt' belongs to his best period; it is what may be termed a quiet, sedate-looking composition, with a feeling of sanctity appropriate to the subject, and a subdued, though effective tone of colour. 'Suffer Little Children to come unto Me'—a group of half-length figures, introduces portraits of some of the artist's contemporaries, both adults and children, in Flemish costume; their appearance arrayed thus seems incongruous, but there is such lifelike and natural expression in the faces, so much simplicity and truth, and such freshness of colour throughout, that one almost forgets the anachronism of which the painter is guilty in the masterly and agreeable manner in which the subject is placed on the canvas. 'Lot, with his Wife and Daughters, conducted by the Angels out of Sodom,' was a present to the great Duke of Marlborough from the city of Antwerp; it is a picture that, from its truly pathetic character amounting to solemnity, ought to exonerate Ru-

bens from the sweeping censures bestowed on him by Mr. Ruskin; so, too, ought the 'Roman Charity.' Of the mythological subjects the most remarkable are:—'Venus and Cupid dissuading Adonis from going to the Chase,' a large picture presented to the first duke by the Emperor of Germany, "a grand work of the master's middle period," the figures finely modelled, and very rich in colour; a 'Bacchanalian Procession,' evidently based on the style of Giulio Romano, too free and coarse in conception to be pleasant, but wonderful in power of execution and depth of tone combined with brilliancy. Of the portraits that of his second wife, Helena Formann, and another of a group consisting of himself, the same lady, and a little child, walking in a garden, are noble examples of Rubens's pencil: the latter, a gift from the corporation of Brussels to the Duke of Marlborough, is quite a masterpiece of portraiture.

In the Grosvenor Gallery are four colossal works; the canvases of each measure fourteen feet in height, and vary from fourteen to nineteen feet in width. The subjects represented on them are—'The Israelites gathering Manna,' 'Abraham receiving Bread and Wine from Melchizedek,' a 'Procession of the Four Evangelists,' and a 'Procession of the Four Latin Fathers of the Church—St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, St. Gregory, and St. Jerome,—and of St. Thomas, St. Norbert, and St. Clara,' the last bearing the host. "These pictures," says Waagen, "belong to a series of nine, which, till the year 1808, were in the Carmelite convent of Loeches, about eighteen miles from Madrid, founded by the Duke d'Olivarez, to whom they were presented by his sovereign, Philip IV. In the year 1808, these four were sold by the French to M. de Bourke, at that time Danish minister at the Court of Madrid, who brought them to England, and sold them to the late Marquis for £10,000." Two others, 'The Triumph of the Christian Religion,' and 'Elijah in the Wilderness fed by the Angel,' are in the gallery of the Louvre. Another, 'The Triumph of Charity,' was, in 1830, in the possession of Mr. Joshua Taylor; 'The Triumph of the Catholic Religion,' and 'The Victory of Christianity over Paganism,' seem to have remained at Loeches. These compositions were evidently intended as designs for tapestries, for at the upper ends are angels engaged in hanging them up to a cornice between pillars: but whatever was the object for which they were originally designed, it is quite clear that as pictures they come infinitely short of Rubens's genius in every quality; they have neither form, arrangement, expression, nor colour to commend them; and we only point them out here because they have borne, and still bear in the estimation of some, a high reputation, as may be supposed from the large sum paid for the four in the Grosvenor Gallery. Three other pictures in the same collection are 'Pausias and Glycera,' 'Sarah dismissing Hagar,' and 'Ixion embracing the Cloud,' of which the first, a very beautiful work, is unquestionably the best: a little cabinet landscape is a perfect gem.

Of the eleven pictures at Windsor Castle, three were engraved among the "Royal Pictures" in the *Art-Journal*: among the others contained in what is called the "Rubens Room," stands prominently 'St. Martin dividing his Cloak with a Beggar.' It is a composition showing great power of design and expression; the colour, too, is rich and luminous: it is the opinion of some modern critics that Vandyke painted a large portion of this work; for example, the horse, women, and children. The 'Virgin with the Infant Christ' has considerable dignity of character, united with more of religious sentiment than is usually found in the compositions of this painter.

The Buckingham Palace Rubenses are varied in subject; under the head of historical pictures may be classed 'Pythagoras teaching his Pupils the properties of Fruit,' the latter painted by Snyders. 'Pan pursuing Syrinx,' is a small allegorical work very carefully executed. A portrait of the Bishop of Antwerp, and another of a man with a falcon on his hand, are excellent examples of Rubens's firm and free style of pencilling. Here, also, is the celebrated landscape, 'The Farm at Lucken,' which is one of the "Royal" pictures engraved in our journal.

Though the collection of Sir Robert Peel in

Whitehall Gardens is rich in the works of the Flemish and Dutch painters, it has only two by Rubens, but they are of the highest order; one is the famous portrait of a female, known as the 'Chapeau de Paille'; the artist is said to have esteemed it so highly that he would not part with it, and it was accordingly enumerated in the catalogue of his pictures left in his possession at his death. After the death of the widow of Rubens, it passed into the hands of the Landen family, of Antwerp: the portrait represents a lady of this family; it remained in their possession till the year 1817, when M. Van Haveren, a descendant, sold it to another branch of the family for £2,400: on the death of the last owner, in 1822, it was sold by public auction in Antwerp, where it attracted the utmost competition, and was ultimately knocked down to M. Nieuwenhuys for about £3,000, including the duty. It was then brought over to this country, and after being offered to the King, George IV., who declined the purchase, it was sold to the late Sir Robert Peel for the large sum of £3,500, it is said. A picture so well known needs no comment here. The other painting by Rubens in this collection is a Bacchanalian Scene, which was also one of those in the artist's possession at his death; after passing through the hands of Cardinal Richelieu, the Regent Duke of Orleans, Lucien Buonaparte, and others, it was sold by Mr. Smith, the eminent picture-dealer, to the late Sir Robert Peel for £1,100. The composition abounds with the most luxurious fancy.

The Marquis of Hertford is the owner of two small but exceedingly valuable pictures of sacred subjects, and a glorious landscape among a few other works, by Rubens. 'Christ giving the Keys to St. Peter,' a comparatively small picture of five three-quarter length figures, is remarkable for the elevated character of the heads and the rich tone of colour throughout. It was bought at the sale of the late King of Holland's private collection for the sum of seven hundred guineas. A still more noble example, perhaps, of the qualities of expression and colour, is a 'Holy Family,' representing the Virgin holding the Infant, St. John, Elizabeth, and Joseph, painted, not long after the return of Rubens to the Low Countries, for the private chapel of the Archduke Albert; at a subsequent period it ornamented the Imperial Gallery at Vienna, and in 1784 was presented by the Emperor Joseph to M. Burtin, of Brussels, a well-known collector and writer upon Art. The Marquis of Hertford paid three thousand guineas for it. The landscape alluded to is that popularly known as the 'Rainbow' picture, from a rainbow being introduced into it: this work is undoubtedly among the finest of its class Rubens painted.

We could select very many more deserving of notice from the various collections throughout the country, but the space at our disposal is exhausted. Rubens as much as, if not more than, any other great master of antiquity, has fallen under the censure of Mr. Ruskin, but has found an able defender in a somewhat recent writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*. It is always much to be deplored when a critic, whatever may happen to be the subject he takes up, descends to the use of strong—often unjustifiable—epithets, upon matters where opinions of a contrary nature to his own are equally entitled to respect and consideration. Now, although there are certain principles which should guide everyone professing to sit in judgment upon Art, and none ought to presume to give an opinion who has not a knowledge of those principles, good Art is, even with such, a question of taste; and it does not necessarily follow that because Mr. Ruskin cannot see in Rubens what he sees in Raffaele and Titian, therefore the great Fleming is only a "healthy, worthy, kind-hearted, courtly-phrased Animal, without any clearly perceptible traces of a soul except when he paints his children." Rubens's spiritual character as symbolised in his works, is not, probably, what many others besides Mr. Ruskin desire to see in painting; but the man who produced some of the works we have noticed in these papers, and many others left unspoken of, could only have been an *Animal* of a high intellectual order.

J. D.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE EXHIBITION BUILDING—1862.

SIR,—A "dignified silence," without doubt, is a very good thing; and there often occur circumstances, under which it is both the most appropriate and the most eloquent form of expression. But speaking out plainly and fearlessly is also a very good thing; and it becomes the right and the proper thing, when altered circumstances imperatively require plain and fearless speech. The difficulty is to adjust these two very good things, each to its own becoming circumstances. In our days this difficulty is found to be so great that, unfortunately, a profound silence commonly prevails just when earnest and emphatic words ought to be spoken aloud, while tongues are most active and energetic at the very time in which it would best become them to be absolutely at rest. This state of things, I believe, is supposed to indicate the power of what are elegantly entitled conflicting influences. It is truly refreshing to find that the *Art-Journal* knows both *how* and *when* to speak out in a plain and fearless manner, and that it rejects every influence except that of duty. Your article upon the building that is to contain this year's Great Exhibition, in the February number of the *Art-Journal*, is a model of just and intrepid criticism, and you have placed it before the world exactly at the moment best suited for its appearance.

An architect myself, I cordially thank you for coming forward so nobly to the rescue of the "living architecture" of England. The architects, collectively, have hitherto preserved the strictest silence; the architectural periodicals have made no sign—and so Captain Fowke and Mr. Cole and the Royal Commissioners have had it all their own way at South Kensington, until at last their monstrous mass of unparalleled ugliness in brick and iron and glass, has positively been held up to the public as a magnificent achievement of architecture. Such is the ignorance of the many, and such also the prejudices of a few, that probably even the "house that Fowke built," might have been mistaken by the general community at home for an honourable example of the English architecture of the year 1862, had the "dignified silence" system been permitted to prevail. To be sure, even the most inexperienced in Art regarded the actual structure with suspicious misgivings; but then, the Architects said nothing, and the *Builder* and the *Building News* also said nothing, and Captain Fowke worked on in happy independence—the building must be a grand thing, therefore, after all, and in due time people would be enabled to understand and appreciate it. The *Art-Journal* has understood Captain Fowke and his abettors all along, and has appreciated the Exhibition Building; and the *Art-Journal* alone has had the courage to set the truth fairly before its readers; and, unawed by either a Royal Commission or a Department of Science and Art, has taught them to assign their proper names to arrogant ignorance and disgraceful failure. It is well to be able to appeal to this one protest on behalf of genuine architecture, when our Great Exhibition Building comes to be studied by foreign visitors to the Exhibition itself. They will deal with the edifice with intelligence and impartiality. They will take it as they find it—as the Great Exhibition Building, that was designed and built to be the Great Exhibition Building. They will also test by this building the English architecture of the present period—and will very fairly do so. I do not mean that foreign visitors will estimate this edifice as the highest type of *all* existing English architecture; but they certainly will regard it (and most justly) as the exponent of our capacity for producing a building of its own class—they will look upon Captain Fowke's production as the best thing that we could accomplish, when we set the full architectural power of the nation at work, to devise and construct a Great Exhibition Building. From this hypothesis, the argument by analogy may be readily applied to all other expressions of architecture in England; and we can understand how highly compli-

mentary and gratifying the inevitable inference will prove to be.

There exists but one means only, by which the reputation of English architecture may be vindicated from the degrading effects of Captain Fowke's building. This is, as you have so rightly suggested, by protesting against both the appointment of Captain Fowke and the structure which has arisen under his auspices. This is not a case for silent contempt. Silence in this case is at least in danger of being mistaken for inability to object or to criticise. If they value their own honour, then, as artists, and if they have any regard for the honour of our distinguished profession, I call upon my brother architects to take a position by your side, and to denounce this outrageous piece of jobbery and its truly consistent issue. Your manly and straightforward protest must be supported. The architects share your views, and reciprocate your sentiments: they are bound, therefore, to emulate your independence and candour. The architects also are no less bound to uphold the cause of architecture, than the *Art-Journal* can be. Neither does it become them to leave the impression undisturbed, that they are conscious of the justice of the promotion of Captain Fowke over the heads of the entire profession.

If foreigners are to respect the architects of England, the architects must prove their title to that respect. If jobbery in high places is to be put down, it must first be exhibited in its true guise, and then firmly and fearlessly denounced. Nor is this course of procedure on the part of the architects, with reference to "the enormous shed at South Kensington," and to "the gallant shed-maker," incumbent upon them only with a view to what opinions foreigners may form of English architecture, and in order to strike a blow at such jobs as may be perpetrated by Royal Commissions. The architects of England owe it to their own clients, they owe it to the public at large, they owe it to the *Art-Journal*, to pass a formal judgment upon the engineer captain's operations, not in his own, but in their profession. This building is in part to remain, and it is to remain in intimate association with the Arts of our era. If a single brick of it must be permitted to stand, it ought to be stamped with the indignant reprobation of every true architect, as it most surely will excite the contemptuous indignation of every true lover of architecture. And, as to the Arts, if this edifice is to be their home, they never will become acclimatised under such uncongenial associations. An Art-museum will refuse to recognise as a *home*, a building which is in itself an intense practical outrage upon the greatest of the Arts. I repeat it—the truth must be spoken concerning this wretched "shed" (I accept your word): it must be spoken without reserve, without fear, and by those whose words will best command attention and respect.

If there were no other motive for such a protest as I am advocating, it would be a grievous dereliction of their duty were the architects to permit another of the presiding potentates of South Kensington to set themselves and their profession openly at defiance. In the opinion of Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., of the South Kensington Museum, the Great Exhibition Building is an architectural production of the highest order, and Captain Fowke is a prince amongst (or over) architects. This Mr. Cole is the prime mover in what is pleasantly supposed to be the national Art-education of England. With the "shed" and the "shed-maker" as types of architecture and architects, popular Art-education must needs thrive and flourish. This is indeed the very way to secure for architecture an adequate appreciation, and for architects a becoming measure of admiring sympathy. Are the architects disposed to leave Mr. Cole under the ban of "contemptuous silence"? That would be to realise exactly what he most earnestly desires. All that he wants is to be let alone, and left to work out his own plans after his own fashion. He does not indulge either architects or architecture with the contempt that rises above the eloquence of mere words. Far from this, Mr. Cole is delightfully communicative upon both the art and the profession. The Great Exhibition Building impersonates for him the art; and, having no great opinion of the profession, Mr. Cole most candidly

makes a clean breast of it, and says so; and he is particular to explain that *it is* the profession that he esteems so lightly. He carefully distinguishes between architects who profess to be, and who style themselves, architects, and officers of engineers and other amateur builders of buildings. Mr. Cole does not believe in either the "Institute" or the "Association." He ignores the profession as a profession, and he also ignores the members of the architectural profession, individually and collectively, as artists. Having taken some pains to explain his sentiments on these points, Mr. Cole proceeds to inquire, "Who is an Architect?" As he does not seem to have anticipated any such *tu quoque* reply to his inquiry as might be conveyed in the corresponding question, "Who is Mr. Cole?"—instead of pressing any such reference to the antecedents and qualifications of Sir Oracle, I recur to the fact that this man is virtually at the head of the "Government School of Art," and I call upon architects to declare both what they are, and what Mr. Cole is. Let the schools of Art understand, and let the public understand, Mr. Cole's capacity for dealing with a question of architecture, and for enunciating his *dictum* upon architects. He assumes the office of chief inquisitor of architecture: let the architects show his qualifications and title.

It will not do, Mr. Editor, to be silent any longer, however copious may be the measure of contempt that may suffice the silence. The "shed" is a fact; and Mr. Cole is the champion of its architectural worth and nobleness. The "shed-maker" holds a veritable commission in a gallant service, and he is also ready at a moment's notice to repeat his experiments in what he supposes to be architecture; and Mr. Henry Cole, who is not in any degree a myth, upholds Captain Fowke, and glorifies him as an architect. Will the architects sanction Mr. Cole's proceeding, and endorse his sentiments, by leaving him without notice and rebuke?

And now I must ask you to accompany me to South Kensington, once again to survey the "monstrous shed." I accept every word that you have written in your last article; but you might have gone into details, with signal advantage, and so have demonstrated the justice of your criticism at the same time that you would have enriched it with characteristic descriptive illustrations. Your meaning ought to be grasped in its fulness when you assert of Captain Fowke's building, that "in every detail, and in the combination of the several details into a single whole, there are ever present a poverty of conception, and a palpable ignorance of all architecture humiliating indeed." Perhaps you will accept from me a few practical comments upon this brief but pregnant sentence.

In the first place, the entire scheme (I cannot call it a "design") is based upon the false principle of absolutely severing the ornamentation of the building, with all its parts and details, from their actual construction. In all true architecture, the construction and the ornamentation are inseparable, the one from the other, in the thought and the mental vision of the architect. With rare exceptions only, these two elements are also realised by a simultaneous development—the construction producing the ornamentation, and the ornamentation growing with the growth of the structural operations. When this is not the case (as in the instance of overlaid or veneered architecture, such as St. Mark's at Venice), the construction is planned, and framed, and put together always with a view to certain definite and determined forms of ornamentation. The mass of the building may be the roughest brick or rubble masonry; but still there is to be a covering for all this frame-work, for the reception of which the bricks are laid and the rubble is bound together after a plan that is uniformly adapted to the ultimate requirements of the covering, be it of marble, of mosaic, or of terra-cotta. Not so Captain Fowke. He leaves the ornamentation of his building to the discretion, or the indiscretion, of some "decorator," who may devise and carry out an independent project of his own—without for a moment taking into his consideration that the building should be in perfect harmony with its own ornamentation, and the ornamentation should be faithful in its conformity to the structural character of the building. Captain Fowke's ori-

ginal notion certainly possesses this advantage, that he himself is saved from all trouble beyond the engineering stability of his work, while he leaves for enterprising decorators a wide field for miscellaneous experiments.

If the effect of the entire building is "humiliating indeed," even a superficial examination will suffice to show that this general effect is repeated in every detail; or, rather, that it grows out of the aggregation of a multitude of humiliations that obtrude themselves in every direction. It is positively curious to trace out the undeviating uniformity of the "humiliating" element, and its universal prevalence. Never were bricks more faulty in composition, or uglier in colour; never was mortar coarser; and never has a "broad and a tall" mass of brickwork been rougher and ruder and more thoroughly offensive to the eye. Then the devices for breaking the dreary monotony of the brickwork by shallow arches as rude and flimsily as the wall-surfaces themselves, or by projecting single courses of the common bricks to do duty for mouldings—here are abundant materials for producing the most abject humiliation. There is an intense paltriness about the brickwork as brickwork, and the brick building as a brick building, which is absolutely astounding. Never were such despicable arches; never such failures, even as sham, as the sham recessed orders of both jambs and arch-heads. I suppose that the long row of these arches, that stretches over the entire length of the front of the edifice abutting on the Cromwell Road, is altogether unique. Lofty and broad, but without even a pretension to good proportion, these arches have their upper two-thirds filled in with blank wall, of which the blankness is made the more hideous by being covered with plaster. You have already sketched the true character of the windows and doorways beneath, which correspond so well with the brick and plaster-work; but you did not particularise the strip of contemptible open iron-work that intervenes between the plaster and the windows; nor did you notice the substitutes for a basement, that are in such good keeping with both the wall and the arches. The great central arches differ from the blanks of the long walls only in the circumstance of their being open instead of blank, and also that their ugliness increases with their greater dimensions. I have heard it stated that the blank arches are to be covered with encaustic tiles. Floorcloth would be much cheaper. Why do not the Commissioners let them for advertisements? They might make a handsome thing out of such a project; and the artists in the advertisement line, specimens of whose works may be seen at Sydenham railway station, and at either end of Holborn, and elsewhere, would be sure to undertake (and I consider that they would be quite justified in undertaking) to make the arches themselves much handsomer things than Captain Fowke has left them: but, possibly, the captain may have prepared all this perplexing plaster-work with a prudent anticipation of advertising frescoes.

Your sketch, faithfully engraved upon wood, of the ogee gables, with their "glazed oval holes," &c., is very well as far as it goes. However accurate, it might be made much more impressive by being considerably extended. I send you a sketch of my own from the same point of view, but more comprehensive. You will not fail to feel the merits of the two lateral groups of much smaller unglazed circular holes, which flank the central-glazed oval. The impressive effect of the side gable (ditto to the one represented in elevation) in profile, cleverly contrived to look like the end of a plain wall, with the rise of the roof, and the hand-glass above all, out of which grows the tall flagpole—all these you ought really to have shown in your former cut. You could not have been blind to their peculiar claims yourself; and (with all respect) I do not see why your readers should not have had the advantage of a representation of them. I am almost tempted to suggest that you should engrave my entire sketch as a companion to your own.*

I observe that the old ecclesiastical terms of nave, transepts, and clerestory are applied to Captain Fowke's shed. Which may be the nave, and

which the transepts I do not pretend to surmise, since the terms are equally without meaning to whatever portions of the edifice they may be applied. The clerestories, however, are easily identified. They carry out the cucumber-frame system of lighting, which has its highest development along the ridge of the roof of the picture-gallery, with complete success. You are under a misapprehension should you suppose these ranges of glazed sashes to have been studied after the clerestories of Westminster Abbey, or of the cathedrals of Ely or York, or of such churches as St. Mary Redcliffe, or Selby, or Long Melford. Captain Fowke repudiates such antiquated models; and he has gracefully exhibited the combined condescension and practical feeling of true genius, by making his clerestories exact fac-simile copies of the glazed strips of wall that are so well known in carpenters' shops.

The domes have had their eulogy determined by their admirers. They are the *biggest* of domes. Possibly they may be. It would be difficult to discover what else to say about them—unless, indeed, one were to commence an inquiry with *cui bono*, and were to subject them to a rigid critical analysis; which I humbly leave to others.

I might pass before you in review every component of the building, and I could not select one that would deserve less severe condemnation, unless it be the "Annex," a shed that professes to be a shed, and is really clever and effective. This "Annex" confirms to Captain Fowke his right and title to your designation of "shed-maker," as the epithet "gallant" is inseparable from his real profession. By all means let Captain Fowke have the appointment of *chief annexer*, provided always that his "annexes" are genuine sheds, constructed of simple wood-work as at South Kensington. The only possible improvement upon this "Annex" would be to submit the planks to a simple planing process, and to varnish the whole of the surfaces.

One other matter I cannot pass over without particular notice. The prolonged galleries that stretch right and left, and hither and thither, within the building, are guarded by open iron-work. This is quite the right thing in the right place; that is, it *would* be quite the right thing, were the iron-work not in such hapless keeping with the rest of the building. Artistic architectural iron-work occupies a place of honour in the front rank of the Art-manufactures of our day. You have recently treated of this very subject in the pages of the *Art-Journal*; and Captain Fowke might readily have secured the co-operation of Mr. Skidmore, or the Messrs. Haris, or the Messrs. Benham, or of several other masters in metal-working. I presume that he must be ignorant of the style of iron-work that these gentlemen would have provided for him, and that he therefore trusted to himself. The metal-work that has been put up by the furlong bears the genuine Fowke *imprimatur*. It may be described as the exact converse of the new screen at Lichfield Cathedral: it both is what that noble screen is not, and it is not what Mr. Skidmore's metal-work always is. If the Lichfield screen is the very best work in metal that our era has produced, the Great Exhibition gallery railings are the very worst. So they also are in the front, in their own direction. The design is a combination of the national badges—the rose, the thistle, and the shamrock, with some imitative twisted rope and conventional scrollings.

Not being in the confidence of Captain Fowke and the conclave of South Kensington, I am necessarily without any information "upon authority" with reference to the painted decorations (?) of the interior of the Exhibition Building. Like many other people, I gazed with wonder, and almost with awe, at certain portentous experiments, which seemed to indicate the presence and the operations of artists who wielded brushes and worked with colours unknown to Winsor and Newton. Strange bands of varied brown, some dark, some light, some broad, and others narrow, all of them crossing and intersecting at such peculiar angles and under such unexpected conditions; and close by, in adjoining compartments, discs of red, and black, and blue, and odd stripes of the same colours; and again, chocolate and buff pillars, and chocolate and buff roof-framing, many tinted, but always omitting from the chord

of colour every appropriate and pleasing tint—all this seemed to indicate an occult school of Art that might not be estimated by mere academic rule. I admit that I was fairly confounded by the whole thing, until by a sudden conviction of the realities of the case my mental equilibrium may be said to have readjusted itself. The mystery, so dense before, then vanished at once, and all was palpable and evident enough. *Scindit se nubes*—the painting told its own true tale: Captain Fowke and his allies had been trying their own hands at the production of "decorations in colour!" What had before seemed to have a meaning too profound to be fathomed by the uninitiated, proved to have no meaning whatever—it looked deep, but it was shallow indeed. Strange to say, the painters were not altogether pleased with their painting. Possibly this arose simply from the independence of their several ideas. Certainly they did differ rather widely. Any one of their "works," however, would have been in exquisite harmony with the edifice. The result is, as we are told, that Mr. Crace has been called in. The time is coming which will reveal to us how his singularly ungracious task will have prospered in his hands.

You concluded your former article with a glance at the hotel built by Mr. Knowles for an enterprising company at the Victoria terminus of the Brighton Railway, thus suggesting an architectural comparison between that fine edifice and the Great Exhibition Building—a comparison between the architecture of an architect and the shed-making of the Commissioners' military engineer. It is to be hoped that Mr. Cole will act upon your suggestion, and will apply himself to the proposed comparison. It may fail to benefit him, because it may be hopelessly impossible for him to rise in architecture above the South Kensington type. Still, I would press upon him the attempt to learn the valuable lesson that you have indicated. At any rate, let every unprejudiced person, who is in any degree competent to form a correct estimate, compare the shed-making with some true architecture. Thus let them judge for themselves of the character of Captain Fowke's building, and of the fitness of Captain Fowke for the appointment received by him from the Commissioners. Thus also let them determine whether the Commissioners did, or did not, commit an act of treason against the charge entrusted to them, when they superseded the architectural profession in favour of their "gallant shed-maker." You have proposed the contrast between the Grosvenor Hotel and the Exhibition Building to the "accomplished foreigners," who may visit our country for the purpose of exploring the Great Exhibition. The same contrast, arising from the same comparison, is equally competent to convey valuable teaching to ourselves here in England. Foreigners—the accomplished residents at Hamburg and Liege, for example—know quite well that we have amongst us architects of the very highest ability; and they also know that here, at home, the ablest of English architects are very far from being either understood or duly valued in high places. Captain Fowke and his shed may at length open our eyes to discern what "accomplished foreigners" see so clearly. This last piece of jobbery in architecture may give the *coup de grace* to architectural jobs. It may impress us with a becoming sense of the nobleness of true architecture; and it may teach us to esteem and to support as they deserve true architects. If so, the Great Exhibition Building will do some good service. Very bad things often do. They often lead to the appreciation of what is very good, as well as serve to warn others from everything that is at all akin to themselves. Captain Fowke's edifice is certainly bad enough to accomplish whatever may be accomplished through being very bad. It is quite bad enough, too, to hint significantly at its own story, if not to narrate in plain words its veritable autobiography. No architect could possibly have built it. The building itself acquires the profession. It was evidently *done to order without architecture*—some trifling consolation to every individual who subscribes himself

AN ARCHITECT.

London, February 10.

* We may perhaps engrave this leading portion of the building when it is pronounced to be "finished."—ED. A.-J.

THE ANGEL CHOIR SCREEN AT LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL.

THE Angel Choir at Lincoln, so well known as one of the crowning achievements of the early Gothic of England, derives its title from the group of angelic figures represented as variously engaged in befitting occupations, and placed in the spandrels of the triforium. Boldly sculptured, and remarkable for their freedom of movement and versatility of expression, these angels of the era of Eleanor of Castile are elevated about sixty feet from the spectators who stand in the presbytery below. And they have been designed expressly for their lofty positions: and their proper effect is then only duly estimated, when some sixty feet of space intervene between the eyes that gaze upon them and themselves.

Lichfield Cathedral may now claim to possess, not indeed a second Angel Choir, but a *choir screen* that most justly may derive its distinctive title from the celestial hierarchy. The new ANGEL CHOIR SCREEN at Lichfield is one of the most remarkable, the most beautiful, and the most gratifying productions of the era of Queen Victoria. It is as original in its conception as in its execution it is absolutely unsurpassed. What renders it so eminently valuable is its high character, as the exponent of the capabilities of living English workers in the hard metals. This screen, unlike every other cathedral choir screen, is entirely composed of iron, brass, and copper—the constructive details of the composition being produced in the iron and brass, and the angel figures that give a distinctive character to the whole being executed in copper. It is with these copper statuettes (for they are considerably less than full life-size) that we are at present particularly concerned, and therefore we now must be content to leave the screen itself with no more than a general expression of our warmest admiration.

On either side of the central entrance are four enriched circles of open work, resting upon the arches of the lateral arcades, and rising above their intervening spandrels. Standing upon a corbel of exquisite foliage—the abacus which forms the actual pedestal being encircled with a coronet-like border of burnished brass—in front of each circle, is one of the group of angel figures. These figures are set in pairs, back to back; and thus they are, in all, sixteen in number,—eight of them facing eastwards towards the interior of the choir; and the second group, of the same number of figures, looking to the west, and consequently having their faces towards the nave. The figures are all winged: some are playing upon instruments of music, and others, with uplifted hands, appear as in the act of taking such a part as angels might take in a hymn of the loftiest adoration. And, so far as human thought may conceive, and human hands may execute, what may be accepted as the personal forms of the ministrants of heaven, these figures are veritable figures of angels. They also most truly constitute an angelic choir; the feeling of harmonious praise pervades the entire group. Each individual sympathises with every other; and all are engaged with kindred devotion in a common act, which all feel alike, and all express with perfect unanimity. The variety of these figures is no less remarkable than the distinct and emphatic individuality of each figure. They are at once earnest and graceful, animated and dignified. The wings, which are all gemmed with eyes, are adjusted to various attitudes in the different figures. Some are raised aloft, as in our example, while others droop, and convey the sentiment of calm repose. These wings are distinguished by the peculiar originality of the thought, which has expressed itself in their majestic plumage. In them the ideal of such wings as might be imagined to convey hither and thither the messengers of light, is realised with a truly wonderful truthfulness; so that if man's conception of an angel requires the existence of actual wings as appendages of his person, these indeed are angels' wings. The figure from which our engraving has been drawn, stands second from the centre in the north-eastern group. To do full justice to the original, except by pho-

tography, has been found to be impossible. Our woodcut, however, has been thoughtfully and carefully executed, so that it may be accepted as giving a thoroughly correct conception of this eminently beautiful figure. It is to be borne in mind that this particular figure has not been selected for engraving, in consequence of possessing any pre-eminent excellence; on the contrary, all are absolutely equal in merit as works

of Art, while in their treatment all have their several distinct characteristics.

This fine screen, with its admirable statuettes, is the production of Mr. Skidmore, the artist who presides over and directs so ably the important establishment for producing architectural and other artistic metal-work, at Coventry. Mr. Skidmore's Lichfield Screen is a work that may be regarded with unqualified and most just pride,



seeing that it is equally honourable to his own rare ability, to the Coventry establishment for metal-working, to the authorities of Lichfield, and to the distinguished architect who directed the recent restoration of their cathedral. We congratulate all parties on the success of the Lichfield Screen, and rejoice to record our own high appreciation of so beautiful and so felicitous a work. Our correspondent, "An Architect," glances at this screen as affording a striking contrast to the metal-

work in the Great Exhibition Building. We ourselves are able to corroborate his views, from our own personal study of both the South Kensington castings and Mr. Skidmore's handwrought works; with him, therefore, we inquire, with commingled surprise and regret, why was not the South Kensington metal-work produced under the direction of Mr. Skidmore, at Coventry?

OBITUARY.

MR. MATTHEW COTES WYATT

We have lost one of our oldest and most eminent sculptors, Mr. Matthew Cotes Wyatt, who died on the 3rd of January, at his residence, Dudley Grove House, Paddington, at the patriarchal age of eighty-four. The deceased belonged to a family of old standing in the midland counties, and which has become famous for having produced among its various branches a long list of names celebrated as artists and architects. His grandfather, Benjamin Wyatt, of Blackbrook, in the parish of Weeford, county of Stafford, had four sons, all of whom became eminent in their profession. Samuel, the eldest, was a distinguished architect, and from his designs were erected Hooton Hall, Tatton Park, Doddington Hall, and Kedleston, for Lord Scarsdale, as also the Trinity House, on Tower Hill. The second son, Joseph, was father of Sir Jeffrey Wyatville, who designed, and superintended to completion, the restoration of Windsor Castle, and the construction and embellishment of the royal apartments as they now exist; for which services he received the honour of knighthood and the addition of "ville" to his patronymic Wyatt, from George IV. The youngest son, James Wyatt, also an eminent architect, rose early into repute, and enjoyed the highest patronage. Of his three sons the eldest, Benjamin, was private secretary to Sir Arthur Wellesley (afterwards the renowned Duke) in Ireland and in India, and subsequently devoting himself to what may not inappropriately be called "the profession of the family," became distinguished in it. From his designs were erected the present Drury Lane Theatre, Holderness House, and Wynyard, for the Marquis of Londonderry; Sutherland House, and Apsley House, at Hyde Park Corner. The Surveyor-General's youngest son was Matthew Cotes Wyatt, the subject of the present notice, who was educated at Eton, and early displayed the hereditary talent of his family. From the position and influence which his father held at Windsor Castle, Mr. Wyatt soon felt the fostering patronage of royalty, and, like his father, became a great favourite with George IV. and Queen Charlotte, the latter of whom honoured him with a magnificent presentation silver tea service, which he has devised to his eldest son, Sir Matthew. To enumerate all the works which have emanated from the atelier of Mr. Wyatt would occupy more space than we can well spare; we must therefore confine ourselves to mentioning a few of his principal ones, upon which his fame will rest, and which will hand down his name to posterity as an eminent sculptor of the Georgian era. These are,—the beautiful cenotaph in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, to the memory of the Princess Charlotte—familiar to all sight-seers at that royal residence; the elaborate monument to Lord Nelson, in the quadrangle of the Exchange at Liverpool; the monumental group in memory of the late Duchess of Rutland, at the mausoleum near Belvoir Castle; the equestrian statue of King George, in Cockspur Street; an equestrian statue, carved in ivory, of the late Marquis of Anglesea; St. George and the Dragon, commissioned by George IV. for St. George's Hall, Windsor Castle; a sculptured portrait, in coloured marbles, of a favourite Newfoundland dog, "Bashaw," belonging to the late Earl of Dudley, and which excited universal admiration at the Exhibition in Hyde Park, in 1851; and last, but not least, the colossal equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, at Hyde Park Corner.

In private life the late Mr. Wyatt was highly and universally esteemed for his truly amiable and social qualities. The deceased, besides a good collection of works of Art and *verts*—for he was a connoisseur of great taste and judgment—has left considerable wealth, which he has equitably bequeathed to his family. Of the survivors, the eldest son is Sir Matthew Wyatt, who was a few years ago lieutenant of the Queen's Gentlemen-at-arms, or Bodyguard, in virtue of which office he received the honour of knighthood; and another son, James, is a sculptor of distinction, to whom the deceased has

confided for completion such of his works as were unfinished at his decease.

Mr. Digby Wyatt, the eminent architect, was nearly related to the late Mr. Wyatt, and descends from a branch of the same family.

THE INTERNATIONAL SUPPLEMENTAL EXHIBITION.

We remember to have heard the expansive action of steam in a cylinder explained by a lecturer to a youthful audience, by the potent vapour being represented to be perpetually exclaiming, "*I want more room; I will have more room!*" This explanation was at once clear, graphic, and intelligible; and the undeveloped Stephensons to whom it was addressed, were perfectly satisfied with its simple appeal to their experience.

The very same words just now will give expression to the sentiments of the great majority of the exhibitors who have "applied for space" at the forthcoming Great Exhibition. Their applications have been ruthlessly cut down—"razed," as the sailors have it—and they, consequently, are exclaiming, like the steam, "More space—I want and I must have more space!"

"More space," in addition to what has been allotted to them in Captain Fowke's building, these claimants may unexpectedly find available in close proximity to the Great Exhibition itself. As in 1851, Sir Joseph Paxton has now come to the rescue, with iron and glass; and again he has undertaken to provide for the wants of exhibitors. At the present time, indeed, the appointment of Captain Fowke by the Royal Commissioners, has restricted Sir Joseph Paxton's operations within a comparatively narrow range; and yet, his "supplemental" structure will not really be one of the race of the pigmies. We learn with much pleasure that the success of the project for an "International Supplemental Exhibition" is already assured, and that the necessary preparations are in able and energetic hands. A second edifice, in some respects resembling the unique original which first produced and secured for itself the significant title of *Crystal Palace*, will be most welcome at South Kensington, both as a reminiscence of its predecessor of Hyde Park, and as a contrast to the greater edifice, its neighbour and rival.

Since 1851 the treatment of iron and glass in what we may term *improvised architecture*, has been carefully studied, and it now is thoroughly understood; Sir Joseph Paxton will be able to render his second structure somewhat more artistic in its details than his former Crystal Palace, and at the same time the simple iron-work will doubtless be as effective as before, and the glass walls and roofs will again be crystal construction, pure and simple: or, as Mr. Molony would express it, Sir Joseph Paxton once more will build "a palace made of windows."

The decorations of this supplemental structure will be executed by Mr. Owen Jones, a formidable rival to Mr. Crace. It is to be earnestly hoped, that the Great Exhibition No. 2, will be pushed forward with all possible speed. It ought not to delay its opening a single avoidable day after No. 1. We are aware that we are writing in the middle of February, and that No. 1 is to open on May-day; still, the Paxton style is of rapid growth and ready (almost spontaneous) development, so that in a couple of months we know it may accomplish wonderful things. If it were possible for the "Supplemental Exhibition" to be open at charges within a generally available range, while No. 1 was enjoying its exclusive high rates of charge for admission, No. 2 might take the lead in popularity—and such a lead is a thing that it is difficult to estimate too highly.

The "Supplemental" plan includes arrangements for the sale of the objects exhibited, both under its own glass roof and in the greater building hard by. Foreign visitors will find this part of the scheme peculiarly advantageous.

We shall watch the progress of this project with the utmost interest, and shall again advert to it as it advances in its career.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE PARTING OF HERO AND LEANDER.

Engraved by S. Bradshaw.

TURNER was not learned in the dead languages; he read classic history as he painted classic ground, vaguely and indefinitely, using it for a purpose of his own oftentimes, much if not altogether, independent of the stories bequeathed to us by writers: it answered the end just as well as if he had adhered strictly to the narrative, for this is generally so much the offspring of tradition, that the actual facts, if ever there were any, are lost amid the obscurity thrown around them by time and distance.

This picture is a valuable example of the painter's manner of dealing with what may have been a truth; for there is nothing impossible or even improbable in the history of Hero and Leander, as it has reached us in the works of Virgil, and other classic writers of about that date. Hero, they tell us, was a priestess of the temple of Venus, at Sestos, in Asia Minor, with whom Leander, who lived at Abydos, on the opposite side of the Hellespont, fell in love; and he was accustomed to pay her frequent visits at night, by swimming across the straits, the lady guiding him to the landing-place by holding up a lighted torch from a lofty tower. On one of these amatory expeditions, a violent storm suddenly arose, and Leander perished in the waters. Hero was a witness of the disaster, threw herself in despair from the watch-tower, and shared his fate. But Turner, instead of following the story in this form, has represented it according to the version of it given by Musæus, who lived in the fifth century of our era. A mere glance at the picture will show to those who know the true history, or that which is assumed to be true, how wide is the discrepancy.

"The morning came too soon, with crimson blush,
Chiding the tardy night, and Cynthia's warning beam;
But love yet lingers on the terraced steep,
Upheld young Hymen's torch and falling lamp,
The token of departure, never to return.
Wild dashed the Hellespont its straitened surge,
And on the raised spray appeared Leander's fall."

The poet and the painter have transformed the night into daybreak or early morning; and although the torch would scarcely be then required, nor even if it were quite dark, to light Leander back again, it is upheld, but not by Hero; a winged figure, representing Hymen, holds it; in the company of several nymphs, whom Hero would scarcely have invited as witnesses of her meeting. The two lovers are embracing on the shore, some distance beyond; it is the last they will have, for the angry lurid sky portends a destructive storm. The watch-tower may be any one of that magnificent mass of buildings rising up on the left. To the right the "straitened surge" is already upheaving wildly, and breaking against the high rocks, and among the turbulent waters; and in the calm pool below numberless shadowy forms are seen—spirits, it may be presumed, waiting to escort the souls of the dead lovers to the regions of the departed.

Turner never visited Greece, and has not borrowed from any who had, an idea of the locality: his representation of the Hellespont is altogether imaginative. Sestos and Abydos, which stood almost opposite to each other, would be separated by about one mile and a-quarter of sea; but as seen here, there is scarcely one-fourth of that space. Byron, in 1810, to test the possibility of Leander's feat being true—for the current runs with fearful rapidity—undertook to swim across, which he did, in company with a naval officer, Lieutenant Ekenhead; they accomplished the distance in about one hour and ten minutes; it was estimated that, owing to the current, they had swam four miles ere the shore was reached.

The merits of the picture are almost limited to the composition; this is very fine in every part, sky, architecture, water, and rocks; but the painting is low in colour, and looks still lower from the position in which it now hangs in the National Gallery, immediately above a large subject brilliant with colour. Turner's management of light and shade is here most effective, yet unnatural; the shadows of objects being thrown in opposite and impossible directions.



J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. PINNY

S. BRADSHAW, SCULPT.

THE PARTING OF HERO AND LEANDER.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE.



HISTORY AND ART.*

THESE essays have, we believe, been already made public through the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, but they are of a character that entitles them to be extracted from a publication of an assumed ephemeral nature, and to take a place by themselves in the library. Much has not unfrequently been said in a supercilious and comparatively contemptuous way concerning magazine writers and the "gentlemen of the press;" but it should not be forgotten that some of the standard works of English classic literature originally were of this class, as the *Spectator*, the *Tatler*, for example. Moreover, the "periodicals" of the last half-century include the writings of the most eminent men of the day; scarcely a time-honoured name could be mentioned which does not owe a large measure of its reputation to what its owner has contributed to the passing pages of the review or magazine; and however short or long such literature is destined to live, it has had a powerful influence on the character of the age, and has helped to make it what it has been and is. Statesmen and rulers, in the form of government under which it is our happiness to live, are guided by public opinion, and this is learned and acted upon through and by the public press in its various organs, as they issue forth diurnally or at longer intervals of time. Politics, philosophy, Art, science, and social condition, here find voices which are echoed back from the far-distant regions of the earth, and men learn wisdom less from the bulky tome than from the broadsheet and ephemeral periodical.

Mr. Patterson's essays are fourteen in number, of which five have reference to Art, four are historical, one considers the subject of European ethnology; another is entitled "Utopias;" another "Genius and Liberty;" and a poetical rhapsody—not in verse—on "Youth and Summer," with a noble tribute to "Christopher North—In Memoriam," fill up the remaining papers.

There is not one of these papers which will not amply repay the reader, though his attention will undoubtedly be most absorbed by the subject in which he feels the greatest interest. The historical essays treat respectively of "Our Indian Empire," "The National Life of China," "Records of the Past—Nineveh and Babylon," which, however, may almost be classed among the Art-treatises, and "India—its Castes and Creeds." Those more especially devoted to Art are,—"Colour in Nature and Art," "Real and Ideal Beauty," "Sculpture," "An Ideal Art-Congress," and the "Battle of the Styles." In the first of this latter division, the writer has taken as the groundwork of his remarks the well-known books of D. R. Hay and Chevreul, and he draws from the theories of these writers deductions, and offers hints, of almost universal application to dress, domestic ornamentation, which, if acted upon, would produce a more satisfactory order of things than that we now too frequently see. The artist and portrait-painter would also gain some valuable ideas from the perusal of this paper.

"Real and Ideal Beauty" opens up a more discursive subject; it is one which Mr. Patterson has handled with much discrimination and ability, looking at it in the varied aspects of moral, intellectual, and material beauty. The result of the theories he advocates and the arguments he employs is, that "beauty is no mere fiction, but a quality of which the soul takes cognisance as certainly as it does of right and wrong." This, at least, is the principle on which his aesthetic structure is reared, though he acknowledges that it differs totally from the theory still in the ascendant among thinking minds.

The essay on Sculpture is short: as an axiom the writer asserts, what few will be disposed to deny, that perfect beauty of form is the paramount and indispensable requisite of the art. He differs from the opinions of Guizot and Chantrey, who argued that beauty of repose, without any limitation, is the especial province of sculpture: Mr. Patterson allows some license, but not much, in a contrary direction, laying down, unhesitatingly, as the grand canon of the sculptor's art, that he should seek to combine in his figures the greatest amount of Life and Mind, with the least deviation from a posture of Repose. The principle is based on a truth scarcely incontrovertible, that violent action almost necessarily involves the sacrifice of beauty of form, the "indispensable requisite of sculpture." Certainly the old Greeks worked on this principle, for in all their statues, or nearly all, where action of more than

ordinary character is introduced, as in the 'Discus-player,' for example, the most scrupulous care is taken to preserve grace and beauty in every limb, as well as in the whole embodied form. Even in the group of the 'Laocoon,' as Mr. Patterson remarks, the sculptor has been careful not to represent the legs and arms of the children as being in any way crushed or distorted by the coils of the serpents—although, in fact, no such roundness of the limb could, under such circumstances, be preserved: so that truth is here made subordinate to other qualities deemed of greater importance.

In the paper entitled "An Ideal Art-Congress," a subject which appears to have been suggested by Delaroche's great picture, 'L'Hémicycle,' the composition of this work is vividly and poetically described. In following up his remarks Mr. Patterson supports, to a certain extent, the opinion expressed by the writer of the article on Rubens in our January Part, that war has given birth to the greatest works in poetry and painting. He explains what may be called a phenomenon in this way. During a long-continued peace the eye of nations is turned inwards; reflection ensues, which expresses itself in science and philosophy; but break the quietude, and the human soul becomes agitated, and the eye of the nations turns from the mental shapes within to the realities without. What are the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" but war poems? what "Paradise Lost" but a narrative of the war in heaven—the contest between the spirits of the good and bad—the struggle for the life and soul of man? And what are the noblest of Shakspeare's dramas but poems in which wars, and events arising out of them, form the characters of so many of the personages he brings on the stage? It is an observation frequently made, that our own age has produced no really great mind: Mr. Patterson says,—"The poetic inspiration died away suddenly with the generation that produced the great war. What a burst, and what a sudden decline! Scott, Byron, Southey, Moore, Wordsworth, Wilson, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats,—and then twilight, if not darkness! It is to be observed, as characteristic of the times, and illustrative of the theory which I propose, that we have now (1853) only two great objective poets—two poets of action and energetic emotion—Aytoun and Macaulay; and that the latter of these great artists belongs rather to the past generation than to the present. In almost all the other brethren of the lyre, the subjective vein predominates. Theirs is the poetry of reflection, of introspection." And when poetry languishes Fine Art dies!—dies, that is, as to its grandest efforts: what further need have we of confirmatory evidence than the walls of our exhibition rooms, covered annually, as they are, with little else than feeble and puerile sentimentalities, however beautifully these may be expressed; and with landscapes, of a noble order we admit, but works, nevertheless, which are not, and cannot be from their very nature, the productions of great minds? The essay is short, but it contains some thoughts capable of much expansion, and worthy of attention as descriptive of the character of our times.

Mr. Ruskin's lectures at Edinburgh have given the essayist something to say on the "Battle of the Styles," and on the intolerance of that eloquent writer. Mr. Patterson, like most other men whose minds are not wedded to a single idea, sees beauty both in Grecian and Gothic architecture. "Let Gothic architecture," he says, "stand supreme in richness, variety, and expressiveness; but leave to the Greek the merit of its simple majesty, and of that pure, matchless symmetry which has won for it the title of Classic." He points out, with great judgment and taste, the excellences of each, and shows what, in his opinion, have been the causes which have led Mr. Ruskin to adopt his one-sided view of the question: "It was not his feelings, his instincts, that first told him that Classic architecture was a godless style,—but a play of the fancy, a fantastic spirit of symbolism, to which he is ever prone, and which is constantly leading him to indulge in most erroneous analogies." Passing from architecture to painting, he combats Mr. Ruskin's theories and opinions with respect to landscape painting as a special Christian art, and one, by implication, of a higher pictorial character than historical painting; or, in other words, that representations of the works of nature are more worthy of our regard than those which represent the mind and actions of men—that the poetry of nature stands in nearly the same relative position to the great exponents of human intellect:—"A copier of lifeless matter, of inanimate nature, to be classed with giants of intellect whose heads touched the skies! An expatiator in the narrow field of landscape painting to be ranked with men whose genius overflowed all creation! 'Shakspeare,—Bacon,—Turner!' BAN!"

These essays—both those we have touched upon and those which do not come so immediately within our province—deserve to be classed among the best writings of the kind to be found in the periodical literature of our day. They are eminently practical, while the views and doctrines propounded are set forth in language terse, simple, and elegant. Mr. Patterson argues forcibly, yet in a catholic and gentle spirit: no antagonist who tempts his lance need fear unknighly conduct—in a tournament of letters.

A FRENCH VIEW OF EGYPTIAN OBELISKS AS MONUMENTS.

THE author of a highly original and learned work upon every branch of Art and literature, illustrated by the painter, the architect, and the sculptor, in France, has examined this subject with great judgment.

M. Hennin* objects strongly, and with reason, to the practice of collecting, pell-mell, from foreign lands, valuable productions of Art, which, by being removed from the spot to which they first belonged, and with which they continue to have lively associations, lose far more than is gained in their new locality.

"Thus," he says, "the obelisk brought from the Temple of Luxor, in Egypt, and set up in the Place de la Concorde, in Paris, is a striking example of our irrational way of proceeding in such cases. It is covered with hieroglyphics, perfectly unintelligible to nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of the people who walk by it. The inscription is the dedication of the Temple of which the obelisk itself was a characteristic portion. But it so happens that half of the inscription remains in Egypt, upon the fallen pillar, which was left behind. They both together formed part of, and were in harmony with, that ancient gigantic place of worship.

"The transport of it to Paris was defended by the example of the Romans, who certainly brought such things from Egypt into Italy. But the Romans were real conquerors, who might be allowed to give so broad a fact in token of their victory. The case is very different with France; and if we have an obelisk from Egypt which we have not conquered, it should be added to the Egyptian Museum. To set it up in a great public square in the metropolis of France, is an anachronism and a manifest absurdity.

"The subject, indeed, of carrying off works of Art when we take an enemy's capital, calls for very serious consideration.

"As models for our own artists to study, these products of our enemy's skill and taste are here singularly misapplied. The true aim of such studies is to elevate, to humanise our people; but the contemplation of these tributes of war and victory hardens the heart, and debases the intellect.

"The victor in a conflict may exact reparation of the wrong which he has suffered; and an estimate of that reparation can readily be settled in money, which leaves little trace, and no perpetual occasion for bitter taunts. Statues, on the contrary, and paintings, and the like, carried off, remain for ever to exasperate the conquered, and make the victors insolent.

"It is not necessary to enlarge upon the evil effects of this abuse of power upon the minds of neighbouring nations. No possible gain in this display of our triumph can make up for its evil influence, as the source of enmity and a desire for revenge.

"The way in which the finest works of Art have been carried about the world through the conquerors' caprice, strongly marks the absurdity of the practice.

* ESSAYS IN HISTORY AND ART. By R. H. Patterson, Author of the "New Revelation; or, the Napoleonic Policy in Europe." Published by W. Blackwood & Sons, London and Edinburgh.

* "Les Monumens de l'Histoire de France." Par M. Hennin. Paris, Etc., 1856. Vol. I., pp. 198—208.

"The famous pair of horses in bronze, now at last fixed upon little stools, as it were, in the porch of a church in Venice, is a case in point. There is little merit in their execution; but Nero thought them worth transporting to Rome. In the year 326 of our era, they were carried to Constantinople, and in the year 1205, they were seized and taken to Venice. In 1801, Bonaparte bore them off to Paris, where they were little favoured. In 1814, they were set up again in Venice with singularly bad taste.

"Other examples of the like absurdity may be cited, all leading to the conclusion, that the nations which are distinguished for greatness in arms, ought themselves to cultivate the Fine Arts, by which their great deeds may be handed down visibly to the admiration and imitation of the latest posterity."

Such are the enlightened views of this learned French writer upon a subject which at this moment properly attracts much attention. It is fervently to be hoped, that in preparing a monument worthy of the good Prince, whose loss all deplore, views like M. Hennin's will prevail; so that the work may be an original, lasting lesson and delight to our own people, and calculated to secure universal applause.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

WORCESTER.—The annual meetings of the School of Art in this city were held on the 10th of January. In the early part of the afternoon, the committee and subscribers met for the reception of the report, the appointment of officers for the ensuing year, and for other business matters. Later in the afternoon, the committee and several friends of the institution dined together; and in the evening an adjournment to the Music-hall took place, when the prizes were presented to the students entitled to them, and addresses delivered by the Earl of Dudley, President of the school, Lord Lyttelton, Mr. J. S. Pakington, honorary secretary, Mr. R. W. Binns, Mr. W. H. Kerr, and other gentlemen. We gather from the report that, notwithstanding the success which, it is said, has followed the course of instruction imparted to the pupils, the financial position of the school has not, to quote the words ascribed to Lord Lyttelton, "attained that perfectly satisfactory state which he should desire or might have expected. Worcester was one of the last places where he should expect a School of Design to be languishing or wanting of a proper and sufficient support." A few years since, the Earl of Dudley paid off a debt due from the school, and on the present occasion a balance of nearly seventeen pounds against it was discharged by donations made on the day of the meeting. The result of this state of things is that three rooms hitherto used by the pupils, will have to be closed to them in order to save rent. The condition of the Worcester school is only another instance to be added to those it has of late been our painful duty to record, where managers cannot make both ends meet.

BRIGHTON.—The annual general meeting of the subscribers to the School of Art in this town took place on the 28th of January. The financial report of the past year is not satisfactory; in the beginning of the year there was a balance in hand of nearly £30, but the year closed with a debt due to the treasurer of upwards of £18: this result, it is stated, is partly owing to the heavy prospective expenditure adverted to in the last annual report, partly to the illness of the head-master, Mr. White, but chiefly to the fact that a rental of £1 per week has had to be paid during the greater part of 1861. The committee of the school concur in the opinion officially expressed by the Department of Science and Art, that the receipts from fees are, in general, sufficient, with due economy, for all the expenses of the institution, except the rent, for which the committee must look to public subscriptions. The report of the working of the school states that upwards of 1,700 pupils of all grades received instruction from "the Art-master, or under his superintendence, during the past year." At the annual examination in the month of December last, by Mr. Wyde, fourteen works were adjudged worthy of local medals; seven were selected to take part in the national

competition; fifty-four prizes were awarded, of which twelve belonged to the second grade; and sixteen certificates were awarded, though ten only could be granted, four of the successful candidates having received certificates at the examination.

SOUTHAMPTON.—On the 6th of February a meeting was held to distribute the prizes to the successful competitors in the Southampton School of Art, and to receive the annual report. This institution is connected with others of a similar kind in the neighbouring towns of Romsey and Ringwood; during the last year the combined schools had upwards of 1,000 pupils under instruction, besides "a large number of children taught drawing by masters of national schools in Southampton and the surrounding district." At the annual examination in September last, by Mr. E. Crowe, one of the assistant inspectors of the Department of Art, thirty-three works were sent in for competition in the advanced stages of the course, and ten medals were awarded. No account of the financial condition of the school appears in the report of the proceedings sent to us; nor, as it seems, was any reference made to it in the speech of the chairman, Dr. Buller.

BRISTOL.—A lecture on "Venice, her Architecture and Pictures," was delivered on the evening of the 27th of January, by Mr. J. Beavington Atkinson, before the members of the British Philosophical Institute. The subject is a good one in the hands of a lecturer competent to do it justice, and this, from the report which has reached us, Mr. Atkinson, as we expected, proved himself to be. His remarks were just, forcible, and discriminating, expressed in earnest and eloquent language.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. W. J. Mückley, who has for some time superintended the school of design at Wolverhampton, has just been appointed head master of the important school of Manchester, in the room of Mr. J. A. Hammersley, resigned. Mr. Mückley carries with him to his new post a character for ability and energy.

NORTON MALVERN.—The church of this little village, near Bristol, now being renovated, has thirty-six exterior corbels, sculptured in designs, or emblems, suited to the sacred purposes of the edifice, each corbel serving as a text, so to speak, for the instruction in things religious or social, of the people. The carver employed is Mr. Henry Swales; but subscriptions are greatly needed to complete the re-edification of the church, which has a Norman arch of much beauty.

CAMBRIDGE.—A bust of Horne Tooke, presented by Lady Chantrey, has been recently added to the collection in the Fitzwilliam Museum. It is one of the earliest works of Chantrey, and gained him great reputation.

PENANCE.—It has been decided that the monument to be erected as a memorial of the late Sir Humphrey Davy is to take the form of a tower. The architects chosen to erect it are Messrs. Salter and Perrow.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—Of the foreign engravers employed on the new work of "Selected Pictures" for the *Art-Journal*, three have received government commissions for important plates, viz.—M. Devaschez is to engrave the 'Visitation,' by Sebastian del Piombo, for the French government, and for the Belgian, 'Christ Crucified,' by Rubens. M. de Mare is to engrave the 'Holy Family,' by Giorgione, in the Louvre; and M. Thevenin the portrait of 'Alphonse d'Avalos,' after Titian, also in the Louvre, both for the French government, which seems to have become alarmed at the state of line engraving, and is now determined to support it by all means in its power.—It can scarcely be denied that at no period were the Fine Arts so neglected as at the present, the painter having little or nothing to do, and pictures being almost a drug in the market. Sales this season are at a low ebb, nothing remarkable having been brought forward. On the 10th of January a good collection of modern works were sold, in which, as usual, certain names brought considerable prices; we note a few:—'A Swiss Cow,' by Brascassat, £256; 'Animals,' by R. Bonheur, £188; 'Cow and Calf,' by the same, £80; 'View in Smyrna,' Descamps, £440; 'Gipsies,' Descamps, £160; 'View on the Lake of the Four Cantons,' Calame, £102; 'Wife of a Brigand of Sonino,' Leopold Robert, £96; 'The Fisherman's Wife,' A. Scheffer, £148; 'Interior of a Corps de Garde Albanais,' Gérôme, £268. The opposition to all productions of the "David" school seems to continue in full force, for while these more modern pictures brought high prices, a fine sketch of 'Hypocrates refusing the Presents of Artaxerxes,' by Girodet, was bought in for about £9.—M. Gê-

rôme, with several artistic friends, is on a journey into the farthest limits of Egypt, with the object of making sketches.

ROME.—The English sculptors residing in Rome are forwarding the works they intend for the International Exhibition. Mr. Gatlry's colossal baso-relievo has, according to the *Standard*, "been got on board a vessel on the Tiber with great difficulty, the mass of marble, with its case, weighing not less than fourteen tons. Mr. Cardwell's beautiful statue of 'Diana,' and his group of 'Cupid and Pan,' have also been packed; but Mr. Spence's colossal group, 'The Finding of Moses,' from which an engraving is being executed for the *Art-Journal*, was at that time still in the sculptor's studio.

THE HANOVER SQUARE ROOMS.

Among the pleasantest of our London "memories" are the associations connected with the Rooms in Hanover Square, the oldest of our musical temples, and sacred in the eyes of all lovers of this most refined art as the scene of lyrical triumphs throughout the last century, during which period the noblest works and the greatest musicians have been presented in this noble room. Its existence was almost threatened, in accordance with the change that dooms most places in a great city; but, after a temporary oblivion, its due position is again taken, and this in a renovated form, which speaks of a long vitality. It is owing to the judicious care of the present proprietor, Mr. Cocks, the music publisher, of New Burlington Street, that this renovation consists of judicious decoration, without in any degree sacrificing the original character of the rooms, which are deservedly celebrated for their admirable acoustic properties. Throughout the entire building the apartments have been made replete with elegant comfort. It is almost difficult to recognise the dingy rooms of last year in the light and elegant chambers we now pass through. Wherever wall-decoration or ceiling-ornament can be applied well, it has been so used; and the most gratifying feature of the whole restoration is the good taste which has subdued the tone of colour throughout, and given a sense of harmonious enrichment to the great room, which we consider as a singularly happy example of internal decoration. An excellent mode of lighting has been adopted here, consisting of a group of gas jets arranged under hemispheres of silvered glass, giving a rich and softened light around. The royal box is enclosed in a graceful framework, supported by caryatides, and surmounted by scroll-work, and cupids bearing the royal cypher. The box is further decorated with panel-pictures of the Seasons, &c., and the front reconstructed of an ogee form, covered with a gold trellised ornament. Portraits of celebrated composers are placed as medallions along the upper portion of the walls, with names of others in ornamental panels; the lower panels are enriched with emblematic figures and foliage, and the compartments tinted in various shades of delicate colours; the pilasters are enriched with fine lines of gilding, their capitals and cornice delicately touched with gilding also. The entire absence of glare or gaudy colour is certainly the great beauty achieved by the artists employed, and is deserving of much commendation. The lower room has also received a due amount of enrichment, and some few of the coloured panels remind the spectator of the old Pompeian styles, particularly the figures floating in the central compartments. The entrance hall is panelled in imitation of marbles, with enrichments in *carton-pierre*; and one very important improvement has been made in the adoption of sanitary arrangements and due ventilation, both embracing the "latest improvements." We may sugar, then, for these celebrated rooms a new career, of a not less important kind than the past one. Not only to music have they given echo, but to the equally divine voice of charity. It is pleasant to note that already this feature has become conspicuous again; and while London retains this favourite resort, we may confidently hope it may ever be so, and add to the pleasant memories of musical hours the gratifying remembrances of exalted charity.

GROTESQUE DESIGN, AS EXHIBITED IN ORNAMENTAL AND INDUSTRIAL ART.

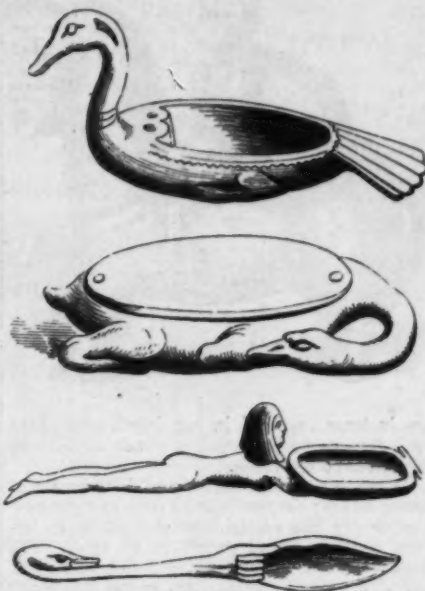
Among the quaint terms in Art to which definite meanings are attached, but which do not in themselves convey any such definite construction, we must surely class the term *grotesque*. Absolutely signifying anything "in the style of the grotto," it thus hints at its derivation, but fails to convey, except by courtesy or established usage, any idea of a branch of design that has its chief characteristic in the combination of heterogeneous features, or whimsical adaptations of one class of design to another. It is an Art-travestie, but appears to have accompanied Art from its infancy. The term *grotesque* was applied as a generic appellation to this ancient offshoot of Fine Art in the latter part of the fifteenth century, when the "grottoes," or baths of ancient Rome, and the lowermost apartments of houses then exhumed, exhibited whimsically designed wall-decorations, which attracted the attention of Raffaele and other artists, who resuscitated and modified the style; adopting it for the famous Loggie of the Vatican and for garden pavilions or grottoes.

We may safely go back to the earliest era in Art for the origin of the style, if, indeed, the grotesque does not so intimately connect itself with the primeval Art of all countries as to be almost inseparable. Indeed, it requires a considerable amount of scholastic education to see seriously the meaning, that ancient artists desired in all gravity to express, in works which now excite a smile by their inherent comicality. Hence the antiquary may be occasionally ruffled by the remarks of some irreverent spectator, on a work which the former gravely contemplates, because he feels the design of its maker, and is familiar with the antique mode of expression. Thus the early Greek figures of Minerva, whether statues or upon coins, have occasionally an irresistibly ludicrous expression: but, as Art improved, this expression softened, and ultimately disappeared, the grotesque element taking a more positive form and walk of its own.

In that cradle of Art and science, the ancient land of Egypt, we shall find grotesque Art flourishing in various forms. Their artists did not scruple to decorate the walls of tombs with pictures of real life, in which comic satire often peeps forth amid the gravest surroundings. Thus we find representations of persons at a social gathering, evidently the worse for wine drinking; or the solemn procession of the funeral boats interrupted by a ludicrous delineation of the "fouling" or upsetting one unlucky boat and its crew, which had drifted in the way; while the most impressive of all scenes, the final judgment of the soul before Osiris, is depicted at Thebes with the grotesque termination of the forced return of a wicked soul to earth, under the form of a pig, in a boat rowed by a couple of monkeys. In our British Museum is a singular papyrus, upon which is drawn figures of animals performing the actions of mankind; and among the large number of antiquities which swell the Egyptian galleries, there are many that exhibit the partiality of this ancient people for the grotesque.

Our first cut is devoted to the delineation of a group of wooden boxes and spoons, all of whimsical form, and selected from the great work by Wilkinson on the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians; that author says that they were formed to contain cosmetics of divers kinds, and served to deck the dressing-table, or a lady's boudoir. They are carved in various ways, and loaded with ornamental devices in relief, sometimes representing the favourite lotus-flower, with its buds and stalks, or a goose, gazelle, fox, or other animal. The uppermost in our group is a small box, made in the form of a goose; below it is another, also in the shape of the same bird, dressed for the cook. The spoon which succeeds this, takes the form of the cartouche, or oval, in which royal names were inscribed, and is held forth by a female figure of graceful proportions. Our fourth specimen is a still more grotesque combination; a hand holds forth a shell, the arm being elongated and attenu-

ated according to the exigencies of the design, and terminating in the head of a goose. The abundance of quaint fancy that may be lavished on so simple a thing as a spoon cannot be better illustrated than it has been by an American author, who published, in New York, in 1845, an illustrated octavo volume on the history of "The Spoon, Primitive, Egyptian, Roman, Mediæval, and Modern." Speaking of these antique Egyptian specimens, he says,—"In these forms we have the turns of thought of old artists; nay,



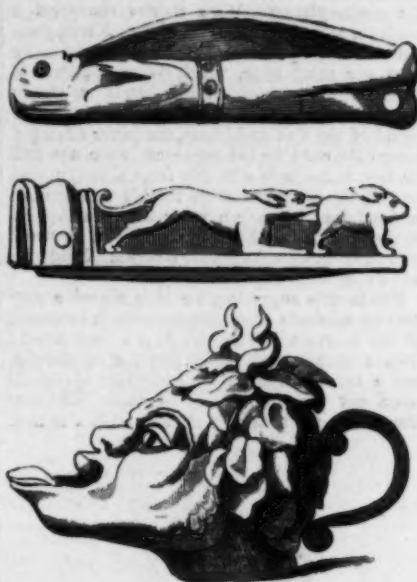
casts of the very thoughts themselves. We fancy we can almost see a Theban spoonmaker's face brighten up as the image of a new pattern crossed his mind; behold him sketch it on papyrus, and watch every movement of his chisel or graver as he gradually embodied the thought, and published it in one of the forms portrayed on these pages—securing an accession of customers and a corresponding reward in an increase of profit. We take it for granted that piratical



artists were not permitted to pounce on every popular invention which the wit of another brought forth. Had there been no checks to unprincipled usurpers of other men's productions, the energies of inventors would have been paralysed, and the arts could hardly have attained the perfection they did among some of the famous people of old."

The graceful head and neck of the swan continued through many centuries the favourite termination for the handles of *simpula*, or ladles.

The Greeks and Romans adopted it, as they freely did grotesque Art in general; and the walls of Pompeii and Herculaneum exhibit it in untrammelled style; while many articles of ornament and use were constructed in the most whimsical taste. We must restrict ourselves to three specimens of Roman works, as many hundreds might be readily brought together from public museums. Our triplicate consists of two clasp-knives and a lamp. The uppermost knife was found at Arles, in the south of France; the



handle is of bone, and has been rudely fashioned into the human form: the second example is of bronze, and represents a dog of the greyhound species catching a hare; the design is perforated, so that the steel blade shows through it. It was found within the bounds of the Roman station of Reculver, in Kent; another of similar design was found at Hadstock, in Essex: nor are these solitary examples of what appears to have been a popular design in Britain. The superiority of the



British hunting dogs has been celebrated by Roman writers, and induced their frequent exportation to the capital of the world. The lamp, with the quaint head of an ivy-wreathed satyr, was found in the bed of the Thames, while removing the foundations of old London bridge. The protruding mouth of this very grotesque design holds forth the lighted wick. In nothing more than in lamps did the quaint imaginings of the Roman artists take the wildest license.

When the successful incursions of northern

barbarism had quenched the light of classic Art, the struggle made by such artists as the Goths had at command to embody the ideas of power or grace they wished to indicate, were often as absurd as the work of a modern child. Hence the grotesque is an inseparable ingredient in their designs, often quite accidental, and frequently in express contradiction to the intention of the designer, who imagined in all seriousness many scenes that now only excite a smile. A strong sense of the ludicrous was, however, felt by mediæval men, and embodied in the Art-works they have left for our contemplation. With it was combined a relish for satire of a practical kind. A very good and amusing instance is given in the engraving upon our third page, which is copied from a carved corner-post of an old house in Lower Brook Street, Ipswich. It depicts the old popular legend of the Fox and Geese, the latter attracted toward Reynard by his apparent innocence and sanctity, as he reads a homily from a lectern, and meeting the reward of their foolish trustfulness, in the fattest of their number being carried off by the crafty fox. Both incidents are, as usual with these ancient designers, represented side by side on different angles of the post.

Beside this engraving, we have placed a very striking specimen of grotesque design in ironwork of the fourteenth century. It is a door handle from a church in the High Street of Gloucester, and a more extraordinary admixture of details could not very readily be imagined. The ring hangs from the neck of a monster with a human



head having ass's ears, the neck is snake-like, but's wings are upon the shoulders, the paws are those of a wolf. To the body is conjoined a grotesque head with lolling tongue, the head wrapped in a close hood. Grotesque design, though obviously improper, frequently appears in the details of church architecture and furniture during the middle ages, particularly from the thirteenth to the seventeenth century. The capital of a column was the favourite place for the indulgence of the mason's taste in caricature; the *misereres*, or folding seats of the choir, for that of the wood-carver. It is impossible to conceive anything more droll than many of the scenes depicted on these ancient benches. Emblematic pictures of the months, secular games of all kinds, or illustrations of popular legends, frequently appeared; but as frequently satirical and grotesque scenes, sometimes bordering on positive indecency; and occasionally satires on the clerical character, which can be only understood when we remember the strength of the *odium theologicum*, and how completely the well-established regular clergy disliked the wandering barefooted friars, who mixed with the people free of all clerical pretence, and induced unpleasant comparison with the ostentatious pride of the greater dignitaries. The Franciscans were in this way especially obnoxious, and between them and the well-established Benedictines an incessant feud existed. The tone of feeling that pervaded the middle and humbler classes found a mouth-piece in that curious satire, the Vision of Piers Ploughman, than which Luther never spoke plainer.

One very prevailing form in early Gothic design was that of the mythic dragon, whose winged body and convoluted tail was easily and happily adapted to mix with the foliage or other decorative enrichments these artists chose to adopt. Hence we find no creature more common in early Art than this purely fanciful one, rendered still more fanciful by grotesque combination. The bosses from which spring the vaulted ribs of Wells cathedral furnish us with



one instance, engraved in our fourth page; here two dragons twine round a bunch of foliage, biting each other's tails.

Domestic utensils were often made to represent living things; the tendency to convert a globular vase or jug into a huge head or a fat figure, has been common to all people in all ages. The highly civilised Greeks indulged the whim, and our own potters continue it. In the fourteenth



and fifteenth centuries, vessels for liquids were often constructed of bronze, taking the form of lions, or mounted knights on horseback, of which specimens may be seen in our British Museum. The manufacturers of earthenware imitated these at a cheaper rate, and we engrave, above, one example of their skill, the original being rudely coloured with a blue and yellow glaze on the surface of the brown clay which forms the body.

The door-knocker, whimsically constructed in

form of a human leg, the heel hitting against the door, is also a work of the fourteenth century; it is affixed to a house in the Rue des Conseils, at Auxerre, and is very characteristic in execution.

Our selection comprises a most rare domestic antiquity, to which a date cannot so readily be assigned, but which cannot be more modern than the sixteenth century, and may be older. It is a toasting-fork in the form of a dog, to whose breast a ring is attached for holding a plate. It



is entirely constructed of wrought-iron, the body cut from a flat sheet of metal. It was found in clearing away the foundations of one of the oldest houses in Westminster. The tail of the dog forms a convenient handle; to the front foot a cross bar is appended to preserve its due equilibrium.

Grotesque design was adopted by the artists who decorated books from the very earliest time.



The margins of ancient manuscripts are often enriched with whimsical compositions, as well as with flowing designs of much grace and beauty. Occasionally the two styles are very happily combined, and a humorous adjunct gives piquancy to a scholastic composition. The early printed books often adopted a similar style in Art, and we give two curious specimens on our first page. The letter F, whimsically composed of two figures of minstrels, one playing the trumpet and the

other the tabor, is copied from an alphabet, entirely composed in this manner, and now preserved in the British Museum; it bears no date, but the late Mr. Ottley, at one time keeper of the prints there, was of opinion that it was executed about the middle of the fifteenth century.

This quaint alphabet has been repeated by the artists of each succeeding generation, with variations to adapt the letters to the costume or habit of each era; but in this unique series we seem to see the origin of them all.

One of the most singular books ever issued

the principal contents being thus called to memory. The bier alludes to the Saviour's miraculous restoration to life of the widow's son, whom He met carried out on a bier as He entered the city of Nain; the ointment pot alludes to the anointing of His feet by Mary Magdalene. The bag upon which the figure 8 is placed, indicates the fable of the sower, it is the seed-bag of the husbandman; the boat alludes to the passage of the Lake when the Saviour quelled the storm. The singular group of emblems in the centre of the figure indicates—the power given to the disciples, by the key; the Saviour in His transfiguration, by the sun; and the miraculous multiplication of the five loaves; as narrated in the 9th chapter of St. Luke. The following chapter has its chief contents noted by the scroll indicative of the law; the sword which wounded the traveller from Jerusalem whom the good Samaritan aided; and the figure of Mary commended by Jesus. No. 11 is typical of the casting out a devil whose back is depicted broken; and No. 12, of the teaching of that chapter in the Gospel; for here the heart is set upon a treasure-chest, an act we are especially taught to avoid.



from the press, was published about the same period; it is known as the *Ars Memorandi*. As its name imports, it was intended to assist the memory in retaining the contents of the Gospels

small groups, symbolic of the contents of the various chapters. The copy we give, from the second print devoted to St. Luke's Gospel, will make the plan of this singular picture-book



in the New Testament. This is done by making the body of the design of the emblematic figure indicative of each, either the eagle, angel, ox, or lion; in combination with this figure are many



clearer. The winged bull is spread out as a base to the group of minor emblems, upon its head rests a funeral bier, and in front of it a pot of ointment; the numeral 7 alludes to the chapter,



These great treasure-chests were important pieces of furniture in ancient houses, and were generally placed at the foot of the master's bed for the greater safety; in them were packed the chief valuables he possessed, particularly the household plate. At a time when banking was unknown, property was converted into plate, as a most convenient mode of retaining it. Decorative plate increased the public state of its owner, was a portable thing, and could be easily hidden in time of danger, or pledged in time of want. Hence the nobility and gentry of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries gave abundant employment to the goldsmith. Cellini, in his *Memoirs*, has noted many fine pieces of ornamental plate he was called upon to design and execute; and one of the finest still exists in the *Kunst-Kammer*, at Vienna—the golden salt-cellar he made for Francis I., of France. The "salt" was an important piece of plate on all tables at this period, and to be placed above or below it, indicated the rank, or honour, done to any seated at the banquet. The large engraving on this page delineates a very remarkable salt-cellar, being part of the

collection of antique plate formed by the late Lord Londesborough. This curious example of the quaint designs of the old metal-workers, is considered to have been the work of one of the famous Augsburg goldsmiths at the latter part of the sixteenth century. It is a combination of metals, jewels, and rare shells in a singularly grotesque general design. The salt was placed in the large shell of the then rare *pecten* of the South Seas, which is edged with a silver-gilt rim chased in floriated ornament, and further enriched by garnets; to it is affixed the half-length figure of a lady, whose bosom is formed of the larger orange-coloured *pecten*, upon which a garnet is affixed to represent a brooch; a crystal forms the caul of the head-dress, another is placed



below the waist. The large shell is supported by the tail of the whale on one side, and on the other by the serpent which twists around it; in this reptile's head a turquoise is set, the eyes are formed of garnet, and the tongue of red onyx. The whale is of silver-gilt, and within the mouth is a small figure of Jonah, whose adventure is thus strangely mixed with the general design. The sea is quaintly indicated by the circular base, chased with figures of sea monsters disporting in the waves. It would not be easy to select a more characteristic specimen of antique table-plate. The inventories of similar articles once possessed by the French king, Charles V., and his brother, the Duke of Anjou, King of Naples and Provence (preserved in the Royal Library, Paris), give

descriptive details of similar quaint pieces of Art-manufacture, in which the most grotesque and heterogeneous features are combined, and the work enriched by precious stones and enamels. Jules Labarte observes, "the artists of that period indulged in strange flights of fancy in designing plate for the table, they especially delighted in grotesque subject: a ewer or a cup may often be seen in the shape of a man, animal, or flower, while a monstrous combination of several human figures serves to form the design of a vase."

But quaint and fanciful as were the works of the Parisian goldsmiths, they were outdone by the grotesque designs of the German artificers. They invented drinking-cups of the strangest



form, the whole animal kingdom, fabulous and real, birds, and sea-monsters, were constructed to hold liquids. A table laid out with an abundance of this strangely-designed plate, must have had a ludicrous effect. Many of their works, though costly in character, refined in execution, and thoroughly artistic in detail, are absolute caricatures. There is one in Lord Londesborough's collection, and another in that of Baron Rothschild, made in the form of a bagpipe; the bag holds wine, and is supported on human feet; arms emerge from the sides and play on the chanter, which is elongated from the nose of a grotesque face, the hair a mass of foliage. Dozens of similar examples might be cited, of the most extraordinary invention, which the metal-workers of the seventeenth century particularly gave their



imaginations licence to construct. Indeed, the German artists of that period seem to have had a spice of lunacy in their compositions, and the works of Breughel were rivalled and outdone by many others whose fancies were of most unearthly type. Salvator Rosa in Italy, and Callot in France, occasionally depicted what their grotesque and mystic imaginings suggested, and Teniers gave the world witch-pictures; but for the wild and the wondrous, Germany has always carried the palm from the rest of the world, in Art as in literature.

We engrave a fine example of a vase handle, apparently the work of an Italian goldsmith at the early part of the seventeenth century. The

bold freedom of the design is utilised here by the upheaved figure grasped by the monster, and which gives hold and strength to the handle; the flowing character throughout the composition accords well with the general curve of the vase to which it is affixed. There is a prevailing elegance in the Italian grotesque design that we see not in that of other nations. The knife handle by Francesco Salviati, which we have also selected for engraving, is a favourable example of this feeling; nothing can be more *outré* than the figure of the monster which crowns the design; yet for the purpose of utility, as a firm hold to the handle, it is unobjectionable; while the graceful convolutions of the neck, and the flow of line

in the figure, combined with this monster, give a certain quaint grace to the design, which is further relieved by enriched foliage.

With one specimen of the later work of the silversmith we take our leave of grotesque design as applied to Art-manufacture; but that work is as whimsical as any we have hitherto seen. It is a pair of silver sugar-tongs, evidently a work of the conclusion of the seventeenth or beginning of the eighteenth century. It is composed of the figure of Harlequin, who upholds two coiled serpents, forming handles; the body moves on a central pivot, fastened at the girdle, and the right arm and left leg move with the front, as do the others with the back of the body, which is formed by a double plate of silver, the junctures being ingeniously hidden by the chequers of the dress.

We have already had occasion to allude to the adoption of grotesque design in book illustrations, it is often seen in manuscripts, and abounds in early printed works. When wood engraving was extensively applied to the enrichment of the books which issued in abundance from the presses of Germany and France, the head and tail-pieces of chapters gave great scope to the fancies of the artists of Frankfort and Lyons. The latter city became remarkable for the production of elegantly-illustrated volumes, which have never been surpassed. Our concluding cuts represent one of these tail-pieces, in which a fanciful mask combines with scroll-work; and a head-piece (one half only being given), where the grotesque element pervades the entire composition to an unusual extent, without an offensive feature. Yet it would not be easy to bring together a greater variety of heterogeneous admixtures than it embraces. Fish, beasts, insects, and foliage, combine with the human form to complete its *ensemble*. The least natural of the group is the floriated fish, whose general form has evidently been based on that of the dolphin. When Hogarth ridiculed the taste for *virtù*, which the fashionable people of his own era carried to a childish extent, and displayed its follies in his picture of "Taste in high life," and in the furniture of his scenes of the "Marriage à la mode," he exhibited a somewhat similar absurdity in porcelain ornament. In the second scene of the "Marriage," is an amusing example of false combination, in which a fat Chinese is embowered in foliage, above whom floats in air a brace of fish, which emerge from the leaves, and seem to be diving at the lighted candles. Hogarth's strong sense of the ludicrous was always pertinently displayed in such good-humoured satire.

The pottery manufacturers were always clever at the construction of grotesques. We have noted their past ability, and our readers may note their present talent in many London shops. The French fabricants furnish us with the most remarkable modern works, and very many of the smaller articles for the toilette, or for children's use, are designed with a strong feeling for the grotesque. Little figures of Chinese, rich in colour, twist about in quaint attitudes, to do duty as tray-holders, or match-boxes. Lizards make good paper-weights, and wide-mouthed frogs are converted into small jugs with perfect ease. There is evidently a peculiar charm possessed by the grotesque, which appeals to, and is gladly accepted by, our volatile neighbours. We are ashamed to laugh at a child-like absurdity, and take it to our hearts with the thorough delight which they do not scruple to display. In this we more resemble the Germans, and, like them, we have some sombre element even in our amusements.

This subject, though entering so largely into the decorative designs of all countries in every age, has never been treated with any attention as a branch of Fine Art. It is by no means intended here to direct study to the reproduction of anything so false as the grotesque; but as it has existed, and does still exist, its presence cannot be ignored, and will be recognised constantly by all who study Art. The scope of the present paper is necessarily limited, but enough will have been done in it to show how curious and how general has been the use of grotesque design, and how much that is amusing and instructive may be connected with its history.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION OF 1862.

The progress of the building itself, such as it is, is most satisfactory, thanks to the skill and energy of Messrs. Kelk and Lucas, the contractors, who have fulfilled their task with such diligence and good faith as entitle them to the highest praise.

Although far from being completed, it was formally delivered over to the Royal Commissioners on the 12th ultimo, and the reception of goods has already commenced. We referred in a previous number of the *Art-Journal* to the questionable policy of using felt as a covering for the roof. Not only has this material proved very liable to combustion, but the portion that had been laid was found to be anything but waterproof. Whether from the form of the roof, or the manner in which the material was stretched, the rain came through so freely as to necessitate its abandonment, and zinc is now being substituted.

The colossal domes, which have given so much anxiety in many senses, are now progressing rapidly, and will doubtless be completed by the time required. The lavish expenditure of money which has been entailed in the construction of these useless appendages, together with the loss of life which has ensued, are subjects that may at a future time come under the special consideration of the guarantors. Such a prodigal waste of means would, under any circumstances, be reprehensible, but when incurred for a mere caprice, in most questionable taste, and most unquestionable uselessness, it is unpardonable. The difficulties attending their construction and their unexampled size have been quoted as rendering them triumphs of constructive art, but they furnish only exercise for regret that the difficulty is not also the impossible. It is boasted that such works have never hitherto been attempted, and we would hazard the conviction that had such experiments only been made at the instance of those who were personally liable for the cost, or who were considerate of the interests of those upon whom it would fall, they would still have remained untried. We trust that eventually the sums expended upon these gigantic follies will be made public.

As to the capacity of the building, and its fitness for the reception of the works destined to form its material, we can form no opinion till it is thus furnished. In a strictly artistic sense, it is an unmitigated failure, the more eminently so from its pretentious magnitude, both in regard to size and cost.

The allotments of space are now being forwarded to exhibitors. A plan of each is drawn to scale, with passages marked, as determined by the Commissioners, and each exhibitor is left to the fitting up and occupancy of this space, under certain restrictions of height, &c., as he may fancy. There may be difficulties in the way of any other regulation, but this is not the course to adopt by which the best general effect of the exhibition may be secured. Each exhibitor now acts totally irrespective of any consideration for his neighbour (indeed, he knows not who this may be), and not only is the general harmony of the *tout ensemble* perilled, but the individual value of each separate grouping diminished. A committee of arrangement ought to have been elected for each class, by whom such regulations should have been enforced as would secure the most effective display. The French understand these matters better than we do. It is officially reported that they would expend nearly £100,000 sterling in the decorative appointments of their division of the Exhibition; the walls of the French Court are to be covered with velvet hangings and looking-glass, and the floor carpeted. No one can doubt the additional value which will attach to exhibitors surrounded by such appliances. The South Western Court, including the galleries around, is the *locale* allotted to the French exhibitors. The bare brick walls of this court have been painted of a blood red colour, and the same extraordinary hue is to be applied to the whole surface of the inner brickwork. This will compel exhibitors to resort to some means of concealing a blunder so vulgar and objectionable.

The French will take prompt measures to effect this, and their example will not lack emulation.

The simple question as to the most fitting method of decorating the building, seems to have involved the Commissioners in unexpected troubles. Judging from the variety of experiments that have been made, and by different hands, there can be no doubt of the numerous means employed to enable the authorities to arrive at a decision; but there is a strong belief that help was not sought where it was most likely to have been found. We hear of numerous experiments made by mere *experimentalists*, but none by acknowledged experts. The names of men whose judgment should at once have been appealed to, will readily present themselves. Why were they ignored?

After much expenditure of time and paint, in endeavouring to determine the most applicable and effective style of colouring, it was felt that none of the proposals were successful. Unquestionably there is some difficulty in coming to a conclusion from the fact (to which, however, we have not hitherto found any allusion made), that all the experiments have been made in reference to a vast empty space, which eventually would be seen in connection with an assemblage of crowded and varied material. Thus what, under the present phase of the building, might be the most effective, may eventually lead to disappointment.

The final result of the competitive essays has been, that the matter is left to the discretion of Mr. Crace. The almost endless variety of tints, in harmony and contrasts, which have been made, tends to prove that there was not a very definite perception of the most suitable combination for the purpose. Amongst the different systems of colouring which have found exponents, some are, to our thinking, most hopelessly objectionable. The violent contrasts of green, scarlet, and blue, in one obtrusive example, call for something more than condemnation.

Some bays present combinations of salmon colour relieved with green, and white mouldings; others those of pale blue and white, and lavender and white. That with an olive-drab ground and the mouldings relieved with chocolate, judiciously limited in quantity, and the caps of the columns gilt, is infinitely preferable; and we are inclined to believe that when the exhibits were arranged, this would have been the most effective of the series.

The experiments have, of course, been made upon a comparatively small surface; and it is difficult, even to the initiated, to estimate precisely the effect which repetition over an immense space may produce. The final decision appears to be in favour of the following disposition:—The pillars are to be coloured in imitation of bronze—imitation is, however, too strong a term; a "soupon" only is intended, by the use of a pale olive-green, enriched with gold mouldings. The colouring of the caps, we understand, is to be alternately blue and red; but we hope that this decision may yet be reconsidered. The roof presents a large and important surface, the judicious treatment of which will materially influence the general effect of the interior.

At present the determination is to colour the spandrels in alternate panels of vermilion and blue, with broad lines of buff, the panels to be enriched by diapered patterns executed in gold. The subdivisions for this decoration appear singularly formal and ungraceful; and this will, we fear, be especially conspicuous when defined by colours so positive as those selected. In strong contrast with this, the sloping roof will be tinted in very pale hues of grey and white. We cordially hope that Mr. Crace may pass successfully through the ordeal before him, the difficulties of which have been very materially, and, as the results prove, unnecessarily increased by the time which has been wasted in a series of experimental failures. The effect of the colouring upon the domes will be known only when completed, as it is impossible, through the intricacy of the scaffolding, to get a clear view of even a few consecutive yards of the surface.

The numerous and signal failures which have marked the protracted experiments on the decoration of the building necessarily give rise to questions as to the cause. Was there no authority in London sufficiently versed in such matters to give a sound judgment? Were the

artistic professors at the Department of Art consulted, and did they plead ignorance on the subject?—or have any of the rejected trials been the results of their suggestions? If so, what is the end for which so many hundreds of thousands of pounds have been expended within the last twenty years upon this favoured institution?

But we do not believe there is such a total dearth of decorative talent as must be inferred from the inefficient experiments alluded to; and we attribute them to the fact that competent services have been ignored, and that other considerations than those of capacity and fitness have influenced the employment of many agencies now trying their prentice-hands in the different departments of the International Exhibition. We have received many remonstrances upon this subject, but we decline to enter into details, hopeless of any practical result.

We have hitherto refrained from comment upon a rumoured project to decorate some of the external walls facing the Horticultural Gardens with designs executed in mosaic, as there was much uncertainty about it, both as to the means of its execution and the time which it would occupy. It now seems determined that some experiments shall be made, and assistance has been sought, as far as the preparation of drawings for the purpose, from Mr. Mulready, R.A.; Mr. MacIise, R.A.; Mr. S. Hart, R.A.; Mr. Horsley, A.R.A.; Mr. Holman Hunt; and a Mr. Bowler. Altogether this is a remarkable list. Some names are as conspicuous by their presence as others are by their absence. We cannot think this selection has been made in good faith, but that private considerations have been busy in the appointments. The experiment is novel in England, and originated, we understand, in a suggestion from the Society of Arts. Though there is no probability of the work being ready by the opening of the Exhibition, still it will be proceeded with, as some results may be obtained which may open a new feature in mural decorative art, irrespective of its first application.

The delivery of works of Art is announced to commence on the 10th of March.

The proposition that the season tickets should be five guineas each, and that they should include the right of admission to the Gardens of the Horticultural Society, has been modified, and wisely so. The season tickets will now be of two classes—three and five guineas; the former admitting to the Exhibition building only—the latter having the additional privilege of entrance to the Horticultural Gardens. The following are the official regulations in respect to the rates of admission:—

SEASON TICKETS.

6. There will be two classes of season tickets; the 1st, price £3 3s., will entitle the owner to admission to the opening and all other ceremonies, as well as at all times, when the building is open to the public; the 2nd, price £5 5s., will confer the same privileges of admission to the Exhibition, and will further entitle the owner to admission to the Gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society at South Kensington and Chiswick (including the Flower Shows and *fêtes* at these Gardens) during the continuance of the Exhibition.

PRICES OF ADMISSION.

7. On the 1st of May, on the occasion of the opening ceremonial, the admission will be restricted to the owners of season tickets.

8. On the 2nd and 3rd of May the price of admission will be £1 for each person; and the commissioners reserve to themselves the power of appointing three other days, when the same charge will be made.

9. From the 5th to the 17th of May, 5s.

10. From the 19th to the 31st of May, 2s. 6d., except on one day in each week, when the charge will be 5s.

11. After the 31st of May the price of admission on four days in each week will be 1s.

We think that generally the prices are fixed too high, and that a less amount will be realised than if they had been upon a more moderate scale. Upon what ground is the ordinary season ticket, which in 1851 was two guineas, now raised to three guineas? The financial result of 1851 was surely sufficiently satisfactory to have allowed

it to form a precedent in this respect. It is an unwise, an unnecessary, and an ungenerous pressure upon those who are willing to support the scheme, that may defeat its object.

We think the omission of any arrangement for family tickets, or for the admission of children upon reduced terms, is a grievous mistake, and one that should be at once taken into consideration. Every inducement should be held out for the adoption of season tickets, and this will most effectually be aided by offering facilities to those who are disposed to make frequent visits, and who wish to share such enjoyment with the members of their family. There can be no objection to "family tickets" that does not equally apply to season tickets. The advantage resulting from them is far beyond the mere amount which, in the first instance, their sale produces.

One great inducement to the purchase of season tickets, independent of sympathy with the object of the Exhibition, has been the right of admission which the ticket exclusively gave to the inauguration on the opening day. In 1851 this was a grand and solemn feature, which few who witnessed will forget.

With the diminution of the *clat*, that will from this cause alone prejudice the Exhibition, it was impolitic to have thus increased the subscription fee.

If, after the 31st of May, such arrangements are made as will give every reasonable facility for the attendance of the public, especially of those classes whose interests may be advanced by the study of the objects which will then be submitted to their inspection, we think the charges for admission during the first month (always excepting that for the season tickets) may be accepted. The expense of working out a scheme so comprehensive as this must, of necessity, be large; but not content with the vast liabilities which were indispensable to its accomplishment, accumulated cost has been needlessly and injuriously incurred. It is doubtless from this unfortunate mistake, and the desire to shield as far as possible the guarantors from personal loss, that the public are taxed more heavily than they otherwise might and should have been. Had this exaction resulted merely from a desire for pecuniary success over and above these considerations—a craving simply for a substantial balance—we should treat the matter very differently, and express our dissent in far stronger language.

The primary and permanent advantage which should be sought as the best result of this Exhibition, is in its peculiar capabilities for effecting a valuable educational influence on the masses of the people. Herein it is all-powerful for good, and any course of management which restricts the full available realisation of these benefits, will determine a national loss and a national degradation. To this end all other considerations should be but of secondary import, or we shall miss the chief good which such exhibitions were founded to advance, and which, to the same extent, can be realised by no other means.

Operatives, duly authenticated, should have admission for the season upon easy terms, so as to induce repeated visits, for it is only by frequent observation that any permanent and practical impression can be made by the examples which will make special appeal to their notice. Individual and national progress is identical. If the Exhibition is to be treated as a mere show, and its inspection a mere holiday, then it will have involved a lamentable waste of time and funds.

Dr. Lyon Playfair, C.B., is appointed superintendent of the jury department; the services he rendered in 1851 are held in honourable remembrance: no better selection could have been made. It is reported that Lord Taunton has been elected chairman of the council of juries, but by whom we know not. Surely the council of juries should have had a voice in the nomination of their president.

Arrangements have been concluded with Mr. Robert Hunt, F.R.S., by which he undertakes to produce a Synopsis of the contents of the Exhibition, which shall be ready on the 1st of May. Also for a Hand-Book in parts, which shall popularly describe the most important exhibits in every class, both English and foreign—to be ready on the 1st of June.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ART-JOURNAL ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.—

The first division of this work will be issued with the next Part of the *Art-Journal*—the Part for April. It will consist of twenty-four pages devoted to the works of Messrs. Hunt & Roskell, Hancock, Garrard, Emanuel, Phillips, Smith & Nicholson, and Jules Weise (of Paris), goldsmiths and jewellers; of Messrs. Copeland, Minton, Wedgwood, and Kerr & Binns, porcelain manufacturers; of Messrs. Gillows, Jackson & Graham, Trollope, and Foudinois (of Paris), furniture manufacturers; of Messrs. Pellatt, Dobson & Pearce, and Defries (chandeliers), glass manufacturers; of the Coalbrookdale Company, Handyside (of Derby) Feetham, and Barbezat (of Paris), manufacturers of iron. These houses are among the heads of their respective arts; and we trust their productions will be well and duly represented by the engravings we shall publish. During the seven following months (eight months altogether), we shall publish a series of similar pages. We shall thus be enabled to represent a considerable portion of the best works by British and foreign producers contained in the Exhibition. Our regret will be that the collection cannot be more extensive; but inasmuch as the Royal Commissioners issue a catalogue consisting of any engravings the publication of which is paid for by the producer of the work, we were reluctantly compelled to narrow our plan, and not to make any extra charge for the *Art-Journal Illustrated Catalogue* to the purchaser thereof, nor any charge to the manufacturer to whose productions we give publicity. The first edition that will be printed of this catalogue will consist of 30,000 copies—a number that will probably extend to 50,000. We are therefore justified in calling upon manufacturers to aid us in this undertaking; we shall require from all who desire their works to be engraved by us to furnish us with drawings or photographs, or both, and authority to finish the engravings from the actual works when placed in the Exhibition. It will be obvious, however, that as we incur the whole of the cost of engraving and publishing, we shall exercise our right to reject all such productions as do not seem to us calculated to be creditable, at least, to all parties. It is to obtain this right we decline to receive any payment from manufacturers. We shall thus form our catalogue entirely of excellent works, such as may be for a long time to come teachers in all parts of the world.

ST. MARTIN'S SCHOOL OF ART.—An exhibition of the drawings by the pupils of this school was opened in the building in Castle Street on the evening of the 12th of February. The awards at the last examination were twenty-five medals, and "honourable mention" is made of the works of twelve pupils. Seven drawings were selected for the usual national competition.

THE MONUMENT TO THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT.—The sum already subscribed approaches £40,000; it will probably reach £50,000. It is only in England so grand a tribute could have been offered: the bare fact of such a subscription is an ever-enduring monument to the memory of the good Prince, whose value is even now appreciated, whose loss is even thus early felt. Time will add to the one, and not lessen the other. Every movement of our best institutions will be cramped without his aid—so conciliatory, so sympathising, so judicious, and so just. Devout and earnest, yet not unmixed with anxiety, is the general hope that with the immense sum subscribed there will not be perpetrated another "job." We have safety in the assurance that any scheme proposed must receive the sanction of her Majesty the Queen. If she act according to her own judgment, there need be no alarm: but it is quite certain that efforts will be made to work out certain plans at South Kensington which may create another monument of English incapacity.

A PORTRAIT OF THE LATE PRINCE, of great interest, has been issued under peculiar circumstances. Mr. Frank Holl, the eminent engraver, executed some time ago "a private plate"—from a photograph, we presume. It is a striking portrait—the most pleasing reminiscence we know of the good prince, whose irreparable loss will be long, very long, deplored. Her Majesty has

graciously permitted Mr. Holl to take, and dispose of, a limited number of impressions (proofs on India paper) of this portrait, thus recording her own opinion of this particular engraving among the many that have been produced, and enabling those of her subjects who honour and love his memory to obtain the most agreeable record of him. They will be fortunate who obtain a copy, for there is no picture of him so desirable to hand down to posterity.

AN OBELISK "IN MEMORIAM."—Strong efforts are making to raise what is called a "suitable monument" to the memory of the good Prince Consort, by raising in the park or elsewhere a huge block of Cornish or Scottish granite, tapering gradually to one end, and containing at its base an inscription setting forth why it was dug, polished, and placed. That is all that could be made of it—let sculptors and stonemasons do what they will. The only point, indeed, on which it is "recommended," is that it will "tower above the trees"—if built up in Hyde Park. It is not pretended that it can be a work of Art, but it is said, we cannot tell on what authority, that his Royal Highness liked that sort of monument, which a correspondent of the *Times* pronounces to be "most sublime!" We trust there is no danger of introducing into London such absurdities: although the writer referred to may succeed in persuading us that they are better than "equestrian statues mounted on attics of ornamental gateways." We refer our readers to the opinion of a great authority of France, who earnestly and learnedly advocates the removal of similar blots from the capital of that country. It will be found in another part of the *Art-Journal*.

PICTURES FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—A circular (it is stated by the *Observer*) has been issued by the Commissioners for the International Exhibition, requesting all "unprivileged artists"—a term we cannot comprehend—who had previously to the appointed time applied for space, to forward each one picture for examination to the Horticultural Society's Council Room, South Kensington. The works were to be sent in on the 24th and 25th of February; and it is expressly enjoined that the picture or drawing "must have been previously exhibited." Artists, we know, have been slow to believe that such a stipulation would be made, although we stated as much three or four months ago, and spoke of it as an act of injustice to our own countrymen if foreigners are not placed—and we are told they will not be—on the same footing. One thing we are certain of, that the continental painters have been hard at work, under the full conviction that they will be allowed to exhibit what has not already been before the public. "If all that is rumoured be true," says the *Observer*, "as to the limitations of space, size of pictures, and preferences, there would appear to be reason to fear that this competition of nations can hardly be a fair and full trial of the real strength of each."

THE PRINCE OF WALES will be accompanied during his tour in the East by Mr. Francis Bedford, as photographer to his Royal Highness; the object of Mr. Bedford's journey being to take views of the most interesting places visited by the Prince.

MULREADY'S NEW PICTURE.—The Royal Academy Exhibition of 1862 will be remarkable, if but for one work. A picture from the pencil of Mr. Mulready is always a grateful and valuable addition to the collection; but that now near completion is more than usually so. Here we have figures not only life-like but life-size. It is a matter of sincere congratulation that the artist has made an exception to the ordinary dimensions within which he has generally restricted himself, as he has had an opportunity of evidencing his powers beyond the scope admitted by a smaller canvas. The subject is somewhat similar to that of a former work by the same artist; but the grand scale upon which the present picture is painted admits of much fuller development, both in arrangement and colour. We have no hesitation in affirming that in drawing, expression, colouring, and elaborate manipulation, this work fully equals, whilst in some respects (attributable to its important size) it even excels, the most successful of this artist's previous productions. That delicacy and refinement which

are the essentials in Mr. Mulready's treatment (as far as such qualities are admissible in his subjects), are here eminently conspicuous. A wandering negro is offering a toy for sale to a young mother nursing a child, who, evidently alarmed, has turned away; whilst the mother, with gentle and soothing words, is endeavouring to calm the infant's fears. The feeling of alarm at the vendor, which has suppressed the look of pleasurable excitement that the boy had elicited, is most happily rendered. The mother is, also, an admirable study—charming in expression, natural and graceful in action. The negro is a triumph of Art. Nothing can excel the fidelity of expression, and truth of colouring, which here find realisation. The variety and graduation of the tints are such as only the eye of a true artist could have detected, and the pencil of a master transfixed. The negro's flesh is as palpable as that of the fair objects who in colour present so forcible a contrast. The background of the picture is a pleasing landscape, in which some beech trees—evidently studies from nature—are furnished with photographic fidelity. We shall notice this picture more in detail on a future occasion; and, in the meantime, congratulate the artist most sincerely upon the production of a work which is an honour to British Art.

MR. FOLEY, R.A., has, we understand, lately received commissions for two statues: one of Sir Henry Marsh, M.D., to be erected in Dublin; the other of Father Matthew, the "Temperance Apostle," to be placed in Cork. The latter will be executed in marble. Mr. Foley's statue of Goldsmith will be completed in about two months. The sculptor was to receive £1,000 for his work, but has intimated to the committee, through the secretary, that he shall only accept £900; and desires that the balance may be considered as his subscription to the fund. All who know Mr. Foley will not be surprised at this act of liberality.

MR. O'DONERTY has just completed, in marble, his statue of 'Erin'—an engraving of which, from the original model, was given in our Journal towards the close of last year. The sculptor, in his finished work, has greatly improved upon his first design, by taking away the mass of drapery connecting the figure with the harp and giving strings to the instrument. The outline of the figure is now more developed, and the whole has a lighter appearance. 'Erin' is to make her appearance in the International Exhibition.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The report for the last year of this excellent charity has been placed before us. It alludes in terms of much regret to the resignation, on account of ill-health, of Mr. J. H. Mann, who, through a long course of years, has acted as chairman of the council, and to the death of Mr. Roper, the laborious assistant-secretary of the Institution from its foundation. A munificent gift is thankfully acknowledged from Mr. George Jones, R.A. This gentleman, having for many years subscribed £10 annually, has now given the capital which produces this sum, namely, £333 6s. 8d.; but expresses his wish that the interest shall be entered during his lifetime as his subscription. Mr. Jones's donations, including this sum, have now reached £637 15s. 8d.—a royal benefactor truly! Seventy-two applicants were relieved during the past year with sums amounting in the aggregate to £1,126; while from the commencement of the Society, forty-seven years ago, it has disbursed upwards of £24,230 in relieving the necessities of two thousand applicants. The funded property of the Institution has now reached the sum of £18,252. The anniversary dinner is fixed for the 29th of the present month, when Mr. Charles Dickens will preside.

TROPHIES AT THE EXHIBITION.—Among the other "attractions" of the Exhibition will be four prodigious trophies of metal-work, two of mediæval and two of varied art; they will consist of the works of Messrs. Hardman & Hart, in the former, and Messrs. Feetham & Benham in the latter. We hope, however, these eminent producers will "exhibit" in other ways; for, however effective they make these huge pyramids, the objects will not be thus seen to the best advantage.

MR. WEALE, the publisher, has disposed of the stock and copyright of his numerous works to Mr. J. S. Virtue, by whom they will hereafter be issued. Among them are many well-known valuable books on the constructive Arts, and on various sciences, some specially written for educational purposes—histories, grammars, dictionaries, and a series of Latin and Greek classics.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—On Friday, the 14th, and again on Monday, the 17th ult., there was a private view at the Female School of Art, 43, Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, of students' drawings, executed in competition for medals during the session 1861-1862. The number submitted in competition was ninety-one, of which twenty-nine obtained medals, and eleven honourable mention from the Government Inspector. The drawings consisted of designs for Maltese lace, lace collars, and flounces, &c., paper-hangings, engraved glass, and some other articles; of figures, in sepia, chalk, and water-colour, copied from the life; and of flowers, fruit, and foliage from nature. Most of them are carefully executed, and exhibit considerable technical skill; but few or none of them show originality either in conception or treatment. There are, to give an example, paper-hangings—here is a branch of Art that affords scope for invention, and success in which would, without doubt, bring adequate reward to those who should be the means of introducing a design that is at once beautiful and novel. But the designs exhibited in Queen's Square, pretty enough in their way, are far from being such *desiderata*; they are "timid" in colour, and lack boldness in other respects as well. A 'Bouquet of Chrysanthemums' (not in competition, however), by Charlotte Smith, was much admired, and the arrangement of colour is certainly well managed. Some 'Ferns,' too, in outline, by Hannah P. Gypson, deserves and received praise.

A DRINKING FOUNTAIN, the gift of Mr. Felix Slade, will shortly be placed in a conspicuous and convenient part of Kensington Park, where it will be not only useful but ornamental. Messrs. Elkington and Co. are to cast it in bronze, from the design by Mr. C. H. Driver; portions of the design we have seen, and from their artistic character a fine work may be anticipated.

MR. MILLAIS is making large preparations for the Royal Academy Exhibition. His principal picture describes a singular scene—a family having been seized by bandits is ransomed by the father, who is paying the price of their liberties and lives.

'THE RAILWAY STATION,' by W. P. FRITH, R.A.—This picture is rapidly proceeding towards a finish, and will be ready for public exhibition in the spring. Expectations are high as to its interest and merit, and we are sure they will not be disappointed. The subject is exactly suited to the admirable artist; he is, among all the artists of England, best calculated to deal with it; it is a theme that every person in the kingdom is more or less familiar with—for who has not, some time or other, watched the varied groups assembled at a railway station? There is nothing either too high or too low in life that may not be introduced into the picture without violating any of the "proprieties" or probabilities. No poet, indeed, has had a wider scope for his fancy; no painter materials so ample or so favourable. We therefore anticipate large success for the work, and believe the engraving will be more extensively circulated than any other that has been produced in England. Mr. Flatou announces his intention to devote his whole energy and time to the production of the print and the exhibition of the picture, which will perhaps find its way in due course to every city and town of the kingdom.

MR. FLATOU'S COLLECTION OF PICTURES will be distributed by Messrs. Christie in March. It consists principally of cabinet pictures, small of size, and consequently not very costly; although they are, for the most part, the productions of leading British artists. Generally, the subjects are interesting, and of the "domestic" order,—such as will better suit those who desire to grace the drawing-room than those who have spacious galleries.

THE SALE last month of the collection of water-colour pictures, belonging to the late Mr. Leigh Sotheby, may be considered to have had a

favourable result, for the works generally were of small size: they realised, however, nearly £1,300. Among them 'The Elopement,' G. Barrett and F. T aylor, sold for 18 gs.; 'View on the Hudson,' T. Creswick, R.A., 22 gs.; 'The Pier at Broadstairs,' Copley Fielding, 27 gs.; 'Interior of a Barn,' 39 gs.; 'The Old Brewer at Oxford,' 50 gs.; 'The Shepherd's Boy,' 20½ gs.; 'The Christmas Pie Attacked,' 41 gs.—these four are by W. Hunt; 'Ullswater,' G. F. Robson, 22 gs.; 'Moonlight—Sea-shore,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 38 gs., and 'A Calm,' by the same, £26.

WE understand that the *Literary Gazette* has come under the direction of Mr. C. W. Goodwin, the author of the article on the Mosaic Cosmogony in the *Essays and Reviews*. Mr. Goodwin is a brother of the Dean of Ely. He was a Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, and resigned his Fellowship rather than take orders. He is a good Anglo-Saxon scholar, and was previously known in connection with the press as an accomplished critic of music and painting. We presume by the appointment that the *Gazette* will adopt a more liberal tone than that which of late years has distinguished it; and under the management of so able an editor as Mr. Goodwin, it will unquestionably prove a formidable rival to its literary weekly contemporaries.

THE PORTLAND GALLERY, it is reported, will not be opened this year, owing to some disagreement among the directors, which will not improbably lead to legal proceedings.

REFRESHMENT DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—The eminent firm of Messrs. Copeland and Co. has engaged to furnish the contractors both with glass and earthenware, and the number of plates of two sizes already ordered is nearly 30,000, to which the proportion of dishes will be 5,000. These will be accompanied by about 1,000 tumblers of different kinds. Of china coffee-cups there will be, to begin with, 10,000; of tea-cups, half that number; and of pint milk-jugs, 500, with 3,000 smaller jugs for milk or cream. This vast array of earthenware, with a great deal more not yet decided upon, will come from Alderman Copeland's pottery at Stoke. His Lancashire glass factory will supply 2,000 decanters, 20,000 tumblers, 50,000 wine-glasses of various shapes and sizes, 1,000 finger-basins, and 2,000 small salt-cellars. Messrs. Elkington and Co. have engaged to supply the electro-plated articles, and are now manufacturing an enormous quantity of forks and spoons.

DOMESDAY BOOK.—Mr. Llewellynn Jewitt, F.S.A., has issued proposals for publishing that portion of the Domesday Book which relates to the county of Derby, by means of photo-zincographed plates, prepared in the Ordnance Department of the War Office, under the personal superintendence of Col. Sir H. James, the Director. Other counties are entertaining similar propositions. In all cases a certain number of copies must be subscribed for before the Government will undertake the work.

THE STATUE OF DR. JENNER has disappeared from Trafalgar Square. It certainly looked very much like an interloper in the busy thoroughfare where it stood, beside that gaunt-visaged old warrior, Napier; though, as a work of Art, it rose far superior to the statues both of Sir Charles and Havelock; viewing it, therefore, in the light of a street ornament, we regret its removal. Our foreign visitors this summer will form but a low estimate, it is to be feared, of the condition of sculpture in this country from what they will now see standing on the "finest site in Europe."

A PORTRAIT OF MR. CHARLES DICKENS, lithographed by R. J. Lane, A.R.A., from a photograph by Messrs. Watkins, has recently been published. The likeness is good, notwithstanding a certain sternness of expression, which is not natural to the original. The execution of the drawing on stone is free and delicate.

MR. VERNON HEATH, of the firm of Murray and Heath, Piccadilly, has retired from that establishment, in order that he may devote his whole time and energy to the art of photography—an art in which he holds a very foremost rank.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON has issued the engraving to which subscribers of the current year will be entitled: it is a large plate, by Mr. C. W. Sharpe, from Mr. F. Goodall's picture of

'Raising the May-Pole'—a work with which our subscribers are acquainted from the print we introduced some months since. Mr. Sharpe has made an effective engraving of a subject popular in character, and therefore likely to attract numerous subscribers this year to the society; for we believe its subscription list depends very much on the print issued. Independent of the chances of obtaining a picture at the annual "drawing," the Council of the Art-Union proposes to give as prizes statuettes in bronze, from Foley's fine figure of 'Caractacus'; statuettes and busts in porcelain; and silver medals, commemorative of the late Sir Charles Barry, R.A.; besides other works of Art. Cavillers object to this and similar institutions as doing little to foster high Art; but a society which has expended, since its formation, upwards of £280,000 upon Art in various ways, must have done some good, if it has only produced a love of Art and a desire to acquire its productions, even if a higher object—knowledge—has not grown simultaneously with the love and the desire.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION BUILDING.—The last information which has reached us respecting this vast speculation is, that Messrs. Lucas, Brothers, and Messrs. Kelk, the contractors for the International Exhibition building, have insured the immense structure in the Norwich Union Fire-office. The premium has been paid to the Norwich Union, and amounts to no less than £3,300, the amount of the insurance being £400,000. The Norwich Union will, it is understood, divide the risk with several other offices, as it is not inclined to take the entire responsibility on itself. The agent who brought the business to the office nets £150, the commission allowed being 10 per cent. A fortunate individual is this "middle man" who has negotiated the business. The commission, of course, will come in fact out of the pockets of the guarantors, who must undoubtedly make up their minds to pay a considerable sum of money (if not the entire amount guaranteed), when the whole affair is wound up. The insurance effected cannot be presumed to cover the entire cost of the building, or anything approaching to it. The other expenses will be no doubt in proportion.

THE SOANE MUSEUM.—It appears that this Museum is without a curator: we borrow the following interesting but singular statement from the *Literary Gazette*:—"The government of the Museum is by Act of Parliament vested in a body of trustees, who have no power to choose a curator; but they are to appoint to that office some architect who is to be recommended to them by the Royal Academy; they are to see that he does his duty, and to dismiss him if he does not. When, upwards of twelve months ago, the late curator died, the trustees sent word of the vacancy to the Royal Academy, and asked them to recommend a gentleman to fill that office. The Act of Parliament describes the qualifications which are required in a curator; and the Council of the Academy, with the Act before them to guide them in their choice, chose Mr. Joseph Bonomi, a gentleman well known to artists and antiquaries. They sent word of their choice to the trustees, who might be supposed to have then nothing to do but to hand over the key and the charge of the Museum to this gentleman who was nominated by the Royal Academy as a fit person to be the curator. But the trustees were of opinion that they ought to criticise the conduct of the Academy and re-judge their choice. The Act of Parliament, among other qualifications for the curator, requires him to be an architect; and the trustees were of opinion that as Mr. Bonomi had never been apprenticed to an architect, the buildings which he had erected were neither numerous enough nor important enough to qualify him for the post. The trustees and the Royal Academy are not agreed as to what constitutes an architect, nor as to their respective duties. The Academy say that the choice of a curator is with them, and that under the terms of the Act Mr. Bonomi is the most fit person; and the trustees say he is not an architect, and therefore refuse to appoint him to the office. In consequence, the office remains vacant, and the Museum has no curator, and three of the trustees have resigned, to get out of the quarrel."

REVIEWS.

THE TURNER GALLERY: a Series of Sixty Engravings from the Principal Works of Joseph Mallord William Turner. With a Memoir and Illustrated Text by RALPH NICHOLSON WORMUM, Keeper and Secretary, National Gallery. *Proof Impressions.* Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

The appearance of the twentieth and concluding part of this work demands from us a few valedictory words: we have occasionally noticed it as the publication progressed. Though the engravings are the same as those which have for some time formed so distinguished a feature of the *Art-Journal*, and are still being introduced by us, *proof impressions* of the plates are only to be obtained by subscribing to the publication entitled "The Turner Gallery," and it is not too much to affirm, that a more beautiful and worthy tribute to the genius of the great painter does not exist, and is not likely to exist at any future time; for his best pictures being included in this series, it is not probable that any publisher would, even under the most favourable circumstances, hazard a repetition of them, in any collected form, at least.

In selecting the subjects, the publisher has chosen judiciously. Turner's Art-life is divided into three epochs; it was, therefore, necessary that the series should include examples of each period, but as the last is that in which his genius—or fancy, as some say—took the strangest and most unintelligible form, so there is here the smallest number of engravings: while the period when, perhaps, it reached its culminating point is that containing the greatest number. Of the first epoch, extending from 1800 to 1819, there are twenty-two subjects, including four or five of the celebrated marine-pictures, and 'The Goddess of Discord,' 'Hannibal Crossing the Alps,' 'The Blacksmith's Shop,' 'Dido and Æneas,' 'Abingdon,' 'Crossing the Brook,' 'Dido building Carthage,' 'The Meuse,' 'View of Cologne,' &c. &c. Among the twenty-seven works of his second epoch, extending from 1820 to 1839, we find 'The Bay of Baie,' 'Fishing-boats off Calais,' 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage,' 'Petworth,' 'Grand Canal, Venice,' 'Ehrenbreitstein,' 'Mercury and Argus,' 'The Parting of Hero and Leander,' 'Ancient Italy,' 'Modern Italy,' 'The Fighting Temeraire,' &c. &c.; what a grand catalogue! The third epoch, extending from 1840 to 1850, has eleven subjects, including three Venetian Scenes, 'The Burial of Wilkie,' 'Bacchus and Ariadne,' 'Rain, Steam, and Speed,' 'Whalers,' &c.

Now, to those whose memories are old enough to go back through any considerable portion of Turner's life, or who may have seen the majority of the pictures he painted during so many years of loving labour, it will at once be manifest that no better selection could have been made of paintings which could be got at by any reasonable means. Many of his grandest productions are in this series of engravings, and the ablest landscape engravers of the day have been employed on the plates, among which are some that, we feel assured, Turner himself would have been delighted to see. These *proof impressions* constitute a volume of exceeding beauty, which deserves to find a place in the library of every man of taste. The number of copies printed is too limited for a wide circulation, but, on that account, the rarity of the publication makes it the more valuable.

EGYPT, NUBIA, AND ETHIOPIA. Illustrated by One Hundred Stereoscopic Photographs by FRITH, with Descriptions by JOSEPH BONOMI, and Notes by SAMUEL SHARPE. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

The names appended to this volume are a guarantee of its worth; it would not be easy to obtain the services of better men in each department, and Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, who produce the stereoscopic views, are also well known for tried ability. It is doubtless a great advantage to sit in London by a comfortable fire, and see the positive reflection of the antiquities of these most interesting and distant places, made by the unerring sun for our experience and instruction. Elucidated too by the remarks of a travelled artist like Bonomi, and a sensible scholar like Sharpe, we have indeed an intellectual feast in this beautiful volume, spread before us at a cost of travel and thought not to be lightly valued. It is a new feature in modern literature, this useful co-operation of many minds to one end, this union of science and literature. But while allowing all the praises due to photography, we must say we are "provoked" into an opposite criticism to that which we find printed in the course of the remarks made by Mr. Sharpe in his preface, who alights

Art as an interpreter of nature, by telling us that scientific accuracy is sacrificed at times to artistic effect; "but when we look at photographic views we are troubled by no such misgivings. Here we have all the truthfulness of nature, all the reality of the objects themselves, and, at the same time, artistic effects which leave us nothing to wish for." If we were to speak in the same "extreme" style, we should say that this is not only unjust but untrue. Certainly no artist can hope to rival the photographer in the production of such elaborate transcripts of sculpture and hieroglyphics as many of these views present; but when "artistic effects" are spoken of, we shall often look in vain at these views to find them. Indeed, there is a general blackness in some that is not at all characteristic of the brilliant climate of Egypt, and is simply the result of the effect of the hot air and bright sun upon the negatives from which they are produced. There never was, nor could be, such a dark mass of confusion seen in the colonnade at Philæ, or the Temple of Luxor (Pl. 27) as is thus by chemical accident produced. Shadows can scarcely be said to exist in this land of sunshine and sand, and the works of Roberts and Lewis are consequently far more truthful than any photograph in this volume; inasmuch as they delineate the pure sky and arid air, the transparent shadows, and clear beauty of Egyptian scenery. Let us give honestly to every branch of Art and science its due praise, but let us not overrate one by underrating another.

THE RELIQUARY: a Depository for Precious Relics—Legendary, Biographical, and Historical, Illustrative of the Habits, Customs, and Pursuits of our Forefathers. Edited by LEWELLYN JEWITT, F.S.A. Published by J. R. SMITH, London. BEMROSE & SONS, Derby.

An agreeable, gossiping little periodical is this Reliquary, which issues every quarter from the town of Derby, and is edited by an enthusiastic antiquarian, though he is certainly not a Doctor Dryasdust, for the contents of his book are often as amusing as they are generally instructive; while among his contributors are names not unknown in literature. For example, in the current number now on our table, that published in January, is a paper on the "Dialect of the High Peak," by Lord Denman, another, entitled "Bridget of the Moor," by "Silverpen" (Miss Meteyard); one by Mr. Blight on "The Well-Chapels of Cornwall;" and Mr. T. Wright contributes an article on "The Latest Discoveries at Uriconium." These, with others, and a large mass of minor materials, combine to form a very entertaining number of this provincial publication, which ought to, and doubtless does, find its way to the notice of many metropolitan readers. The magazine is illustrated with numerous woodcuts having reference to the subjects under discussion.

THE SEVERN VALLEY. By J. RANDALL. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

The title page of Mr. Randall's book describes it as a series of sketches, descriptive and pictorial, of the course of the Severn; containing notices of its topographical, industrial, and geographical features; with glances at its historical and legendary associations. A portion of the ground travelled over by the author is already familiar to our readers, through Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Tour in South Wales." Mr. Randall follows the whole course of the Severn, from its rise at the foot of Plinlimmon through the counties of Montgomeryshire, Shropshire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire—an itinerary abounding with interesting material of a very varied kind, of which the author has availed himself to write a most agreeable guide-book, and has illustrated his book with a sprinkling of woodcuts: some of these we recognise as old acquaintances of ours.

THE WAVERLEY SERIES OF CABINET PHOTOGRAPHS. Places and Scenes of Historical Interest in England and Scotland. By S. THOMPSON. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

A few only of this series have yet reached us, but the prospectus that accompanied those we have, enumerates fifty "places and scenes" which it is intended to include. The views before us are Abbotsford, three of Melrose Abbey—the western front, the south porch, and the southern side—and Dryburgh Abbey. None of these are first-class photographs; with the exception of the west front of Melrose, which is extremely heavy, all are weak and wanting in detail: the delicacy of the architecture, the "chisellings" of the rude hand of time, are lost. The prints are of large size, about eighteen inches by twelve inches.

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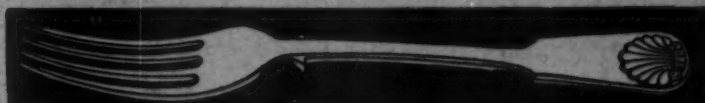
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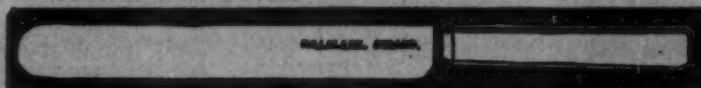
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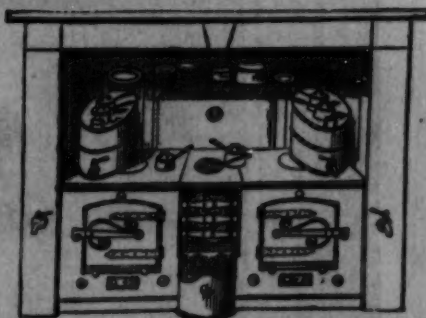
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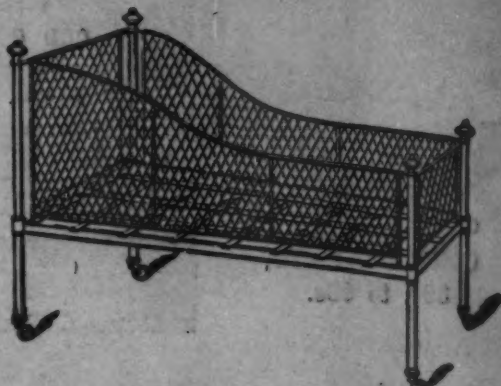
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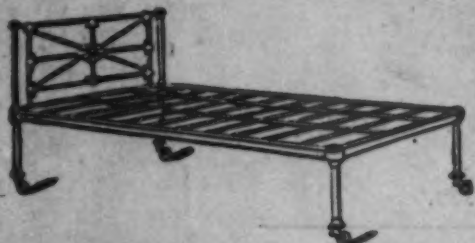
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